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M. THIERS.

THE surprise which was caused by the death of M. THIERS was an involuntary recognition of his great ability and his political importance. On the rare occasions on which only one man can satisfactorily fill a conspicuous place, his presence seems by a natural illusion to be as certain as it is thought indispensable. No one could really think it improbable that a man of eighty should die; and yet in France friends and enemies regarded M. THIERS as a candidate for an office which has still three years to run. His vivacity, his continuing ambition, and the clearness of his intellect, caused his advanced age to be practically forgotten. He had become the ostensible leader of a great party, not so much through sympathy with its opinions as because he was by universal consent the first man in France. The same pre-eminence was acknowledged in 1871, when twenty or thirty departments indicated him by their votes as the necessary chief of the Government. If he had been more confident in the security of his position, and less impatient of resistance, he might probably have retained his office until now. The principle of constitutional monarchy often asserts itself even in default of hereditary succession. Unrivalled personal wisdom, and even military services, sometimes enable the head of a Republican State to hold himself aloof from parties and above them. M. GAMBETTA never gave a better proof of his sound political instinct than when he resolved to rule under the name of the famous old statesman. He may perhaps find a substitute equally qualified to discharge the duties of President; but M. THIERS alone would have commanded the useful deference which is paid to a King. In his later years his admirers awarded to him, not without reason, the title of Liberator of the Territory. Any other President would have paid off the Germans as fast as he could raise the money; but it may be doubted whether capitalists would have advanced 200,000,000*l.* so readily if any other Frenchman had administered the Government. The previous negotiations for peace had been facilitated by the respect which Prince BISMARCK could not but feel for M. THIERS as an intellectual and political equal. The misfortunes of his country could not affect his personal dignity.

It may perhaps long be a topic for harmless and unprofitable controversy whether M. THIERS was a great man; and few enthusiasts will contend that he was uniformly good or wise. It is certain that for nearly fifty years he exercised great influence, which was sometimes used on the right side. None of the journalists who succeeded, with the involuntary aid of CHARLES X. and POLIGNAC, in overthrowing the Monarchy were more active or more versatile than M. THIERS. If it is true that he had the audacity to offer the crown to LOUIS PHILIPPE, his daring intervention gave the French nation the best chance of ordered freedom which it has yet enjoyed. It soon appeared that he was as powerful in debate as in political literature. Before he was forty the unfriended adventurer had forced his way into the Cabinet; and from that time forward he maintained or advanced the rank which he had acquired. Throughout life M. THIERS was, as he often said, a supporter of the Revolution; and, like many other votaries of the doctrines of 1789, he preferred other objects to the establishment of freedom. It was a blunder and an anachronism to attempt to combine the Parliamentary institutions of the Orleanist Monarchy with the foreign policy of the Empire. M.

THIERS, who had the ultra-professional zeal of a military amateur, would gladly have resumed the policy of NAPOLEON; and, but for the good sense of the KING, he would have engaged in a purposeless war with England in 1840, although France had not an ally in Europe. On his consequent dismissal from office, he divided his activity between attacks on his austere and unscrupulous successor, which often reached the throne, and the composition of his History. A nominally dynastic or constitutional opposition prepared the Monarchy for a fall which M. THIERS never desired. At the fatal moment of the ignoble riot of February 1848, M. THIERS during an administration of a few hours precipitated the overthrow of LOUIS PHILIPPE by refusing or neglecting to allow General BUGEAUD to crush the mob by military force. His share in the catastrophe was partially redeemed by his vigorous resistance in the National Assembly to the agitators and charlatans who had undertaken to administer the Republic. He was the leader of the former Parliamentary chiefs, known in the cant phrase of the day as the Burgraves, who found themselves unexpectedly at the head of a Conservative majority. One of the most patriotic acts of his life was the restriction of the suffrage, by which alone it might have been possible to establish a free and constitutional Government. The failure of the experiment showed that the mischief of universal suffrage, when once done, is irrevocable. A few months later Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON, with an irony which was almost humorous, included in the same proclamation the restoration of universal suffrage and the revival of the Imperial despotism. Although M. THIERS was from the first the opponent, and eventually the most formidable enemy, of the Second Empire, no man in France had done so much to render it possible and popular. His *History of the Consulate and Empire* is from first to last a glorification of fraud and force as they were exemplified in their great representative, who was the idol of his historian. When he was in office M. THIERS devised the pageant of bringing the remains of NAPOLEON from St. Helena, with the object and result of reviving the national prejudice against England and the passion for military glory. The crafty heir of the EMPEROR, though in exile, understood his countrymen better than M. THIERS; and, but for accidental miscarriages at Strasburg and Boulogne, he would have furnished at a still earlier date a practical commentary on the *Consulate and the Empire*.

M. THIERS rejected with proper pride the overtures of NAPOLEON III., who would willingly have profited by his services. There was no room for a Parliamentary leader and constitutional Minister in a Government which during its early and prosperous years was absolutely controlled by the EMPEROR himself. One of his Ministers said to an Englishman who remonstrated against some recent political measure, "You might as well speak to the EMPEROR's dog, for he has as much influence as I have." At a later period NAPOLEON III. began to decline in health and vigour; and perhaps he really wished to prepare the way for a government by his successor which should be less absolute than his own. The Legislative Body was allowed a certain freedom of speech; and M. THIERS at once seized the opportunity of exhibiting his marvellous ability and vigour. From that time to the fall of the Empire he rather constituted than led the Opposition. The policy of the Government was incessantly denounced and ridiculed by a speaker who could not be silenced as long as freedom of debate was maintained. It happened, luckily for his immediate purpose,

that M. THIERS sincerely disapproved of all the best parts of the EMPEROR's policy. NAPOLEON III. had introduced an instalment of Free-trade. M. THIERS was a consistent and extreme Protectionist. The establishment of Italian unity was odious to a politician who thought, with LOUIS XIV. and NAPOLEON I., that all neighbouring States ought to remain in a state of discord and weakness for the glory and advantage of France. The regeneration of Germany through the ascendancy of Prussia furnished a more plausible ground of alarm. M. THIERS fanned to the utmost of his power the popular irritation against the EMPEROR, on the ground of his failure to join his arms with Austria in 1866. The feeling which M. THIERS had stimulated induced the EMPEROR, then weakened in mind and body, to try the desperate venture of 1870.

It would be an interesting question for casuists whether opposition to the wise measures of a despot does more good or harm. M. THIERS misled his countrymen on foreign policy, but he also prepared the way for the destruction of absolute government. The policy of the EMPEROR was often objectionable in itself, and M. THIERS exposed and condemned with impartial energy all measures, good or bad. He publicly blamed the rupture which was founded on the pretext of the HOHENZOLLERN candidature, but he candidly avowed as the sole cause of his objection to an unprovoked war the unprepared state of the army. The result showed that he was better informed than the EMPEROR or his MINISTER of WAR. As Chief of the Executive and President of the Republic M. THIERS paid off the German indemnity, and endeavoured to negotiate a new and less liberal commercial treaty with England. If he had thought fit, he might probably have effected an Orleanist restoration, as the untoward interview of Frohsdorf had not then destroyed the chances of the younger branch. M. THIERS had long before avowed his adhesion to the Republic, not as the best form of government, but as that which, in his celebrated phrase, "divides us least." He consequently found himself opposed to a large section of the National Assembly; and he repeatedly prevented an adverse vote by threatening to resign. No man ought to deem himself indispensable, or at least he ought to keep his conviction to himself. An eminent and confidential friend of the PRESIDENT, whom he had appointed Minister of the Interior, was in the spring of 1873 defeated as a candidate for Paris by a vulgar demagogue; and the Assembly hoped that M. THIERS would consequently reconsider his confidence in the Republic. The expectation was disappointed; and a few days afterwards M. THIERS ceased to reign. He had probably not thought of the respectable soldier who commanded the army as a possible competitor. Marshal MACMAHON had never been a politician; and he had professed gratitude to the PRESIDENT for giving him an opportunity, in the war with the Commune, of freshening the laurels which had faded at Sedan. If M. THIERS had lived, he might probably have enjoyed another term of power; but his death was not premature, and his life had been extraordinarily active, and, on the whole, fortunate. His success as a speaker was brilliant, though he made little pretence to rhetorical elevation. His literary style seems to foreigners in a high degree spirited and lucid, though its purity has been questioned by fastidious French critics. His prejudices and his indifference to historical accuracy impair the value of his work, but it will long maintain its popularity. In domestic and foreign policy he was often narrow and one-sided; but he probably always convinced himself that he was acting for the best. It is not a trivial achievement to have been universally recognized as the foremost man in one of the great nations of the world.

THE WAR.

MR. GLADSTONE from time to time assures his admirers at Hawarden and elsewhere that he retracts nothing of the statements which he made last year in speech and writing. He has probably forgotten the peroration of his celebrated attack on the great anti-human specimen of humanity. Not content with the expression of moral abhorrence, Mr. GLADSTONE proceeded to contrast the former military vigour of the Turks with their present decadence. They had been "a tremendous incarnation of military power," but even their warlike

virtues had disappeared. "The decay of martial energy in a Power which was for centuries the terror of the world is wonderful. . . . Turkey is at war with Servia, which has a population, I think, under a million and a half, and an army which is variously stated at from five to eight thousand. The rest of those bearing arms are a hitherto half-drilled militia. It is also at war with the few scores of thousands of that very martial people who inhabit the mountain tract of Montenegro. Upon these handfuls of our race an Empire of more than thirty millions discharges all its might; for this purpose it applies all its own resources and the whole of the property of its creditors; and, after two months of desperate activity, it greatly plumes itself on having incompletely succeeded against Servia, and less doubtfully failed against Montenegro. Shades of BAJAZETS, AMURATHS, and MAHMOUNDS!" Turkey is now at war with the few scores of millions of that very warlike people who inhabit Russia; and an unprovoked attack by Roumania, which is three times as populous as Servia, fails to be regarded as a serious addition to the danger. The BAJAZETS, the AMURATHS, and the MAHMOUNDS have thus far no reason to be ashamed of the nation which they once led to battle. Mr. GLADSTONE was not alone in his misapprehension of the military power of the Turks, though passionate animosity led him, in this as in other respects, to exaggerate their failings. He ought to have known that they had a large army, equipped with weapons of the best construction, and he might have remembered that in a contest with Russia they would be masters of the sea. A leading statesman is not at liberty to talk carelessly even on subjects of which he has no technical knowledge; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE may be excused for his miscalculation of Turkish resources, he is not justified in founding on an exploded error a series of retrospective attacks on the Government of his own country. It has now become visibly absurd to assume that the Turks would have yielded to pressure if England had agreed to join Russia in a war of coercion. It is well known that the commanders of the forts in the Dardanelles had orders to fire on any fleet, whatever might be the flag, which attempted the passage of the Straits. Probably an English fleet might have forced its way to Constantinople, and it might then have deprived the Turkish Government of the command of the Black Sea. The monstrous and suicidal repetition of the policy of Navarino would indeed have changed all the prospects of the campaign; but Mr. GLADSTONE contends, not that Turkey would have been defeated by the joint action of England and Russia, but that the war might have been averted by menace. The descendants of the BAJAZETS and AMURATHS are not easily frightened.

The mistakes of able military critics at a distance, and of intelligent Correspondents on the spot, ought to serve as a warning to civilians who may be disposed to dogmatize on the prospects of the war. The Russian generals, who had the strongest interest in forming accurate judgments, had evidently misapprehended the resources of the enemy and the conditions of the struggle. If, as is not improbable, they obtain successes in their turn, the future vicissitudes of the campaign ought not to excite surprise. Only a few days ago intelligent writers confidently asserted that the Turks, although they were obstinate defenders of entrenchments, could not face the Russians in the open field. A premature judgment has since been corrected by the attacks on the Russian positions in the Shipka Pass, and still more decisively by the battle of Karabassankoi. MEHEMET ALI's troops appear to have displayed discipline and tactical skill as well as indomitable courage; but, if their leaders are prudent, they will only assume the offensive when it is necessary to make an attack. The advantage of entrenchments was not fully recognized before the American war; and additional reason for reliance on earthworks has since been furnished by the great improvement in arms of precision. The increased range and the greater accuracy of small arms render it difficult to place batteries near the enemy's lines; and it seems that a distant artillery fire has little effect on troops covered by trenches. There have probably been sufficient reasons for delaying the threatened attack on Plevna; and the fortune of the campaign is once more changed by the capture of Lovatz. The position of Plevna is now endangered both by the loss of Lovatz and by the movement of the Roumanian troops in the rear; yet an inferior force of doubtful military quality would be exposed to imminent danger if OSMAN

PASHA found Prince CHARLES in his way during a possible retreat on Sophia. It is not known whether the reinforcements which have crossed the Danube are sufficient to justify a front attack on Plevna.

One material question needs no professional knowledge for its appreciation. While the fortune of war has successively inclined in opposite directions, time precious to the invader has been passing. Those who judged by the experience of 1828 asserted that it was necessary to enter Bulgaria not later than the first week in June. The passage of the Danube was effected at Galatz on the 24th, and at Simnitsa on the 27th. Within three weeks from that time the Russians occupied Tirnova, and took Nicopolis, and about the same time General GOUBKO accomplished the passage of the Balkan. It then seemed that the Russians might complete their enterprise within three or four months; but the repulse at Plevna, and their subsequent inability to retrieve the disaster, wholly altered the chances of the campaign. The roads will become impassable for artillery and transport within two months at the farthest; and the interval would be occupied in the siege of the fortresses, even if OSMAN PASHA and MEHEMET ALI were defeated within the next few days. If the hope of reaching Adrianople during the autumn is abandoned, it would probably be expedient for military reasons to winter on the north of the Danube, though fortified posts would be retained, to secure an unopposed passage in the spring; but the Emperor ALEXANDER will be hampered by political difficulties, which his eulogists attribute to considerations of benevolence and justice. When the conquest of the country north of the Balkan was thought to have been virtually achieved, the Bulgarians were encouraged to assert their independence; and in some cases they took the opportunity of inflicting vengeance on their former masters. A civil administration for the province was established at Tirnova, with the avowed purpose of expropriating the Mussulman landowners. If the Russian troops were now to recross the Danube, there is too much reason to fear that the unfortunate Bulgarians would be held responsible for the suffering and the alarm which have resulted from the war. It will therefore be necessary to retain all the districts which have been occupied, or, if the inhabitants are removed from outlying places, to protect them by garrisons. The convoys for the supply of an army in Bulgaria will cause much difficulty and expense.

The dangers which beset the Turks are graver and more numerous. It has at last become certain that, secure in the support of Germany against attacks on the integrity of her dominions, Austria will not interfere with the progress of the Russian arms. Roumania has been allowed to invade Turkey without remonstrance; and Servia will follow the example, unless the Russian army encounters fresh reverses. Greece also is preparing a diversion as soon as it can be attempted with a reasonable prospect of impunity and success. The hope of acquiring Thessaly and Epirus would supply a kind of excuse for a rupture which is wanting to Roumania and Servia. Neither Principality has any cause of quarrel with the Porte; and the Roumanians have neither the excuse of assisting kindred races nor the motive of a plausible claim to territorial aggrandizement. It is more likely that Roumania will lose the strip of Bessarabia which separates the Russian dominions from the Danube, than that it will obtain any material advantages. The Servians perhaps hope for union with some of the neighbouring provinces; but their declaration of war, whenever it is made, will be peculiarly shameless. The English Government, though it may have no power to interfere, has strong reason to complain of contemptuous disregard of its former good offices. During last autumn, when the Turkish army might easily have overrun the country and occupied the capital, the Porte was induced by the intercession of England to conclude a peace which included no provision for redress of the injury caused by a wanton attack. The Government of the Principality must have been supposed to pledge itself to the maintenance of peace until some new offence had been given by Turkey. It now appears that Servia is content to be a mere dependent of Russia.

The purpose and the result of the recent combats will be better understood when it is known whether the attacks on the Russians in different quarters formed part of a concerted scheme. Competent judges assert with remarkable unanimity that up to the present time the Russian commanders have displayed but little ability; but the errors of

their adversaries have been far graver. If SULEIMAN had joined OSMAN PASHA, instead of wasting his strength on the Shipka Pass, Lovatz might have been made too strong for attack. The value of MEHEMET ALI's reported victory on the Lom is not yet ascertained, and it remains to be seen whether it will be followed by a general advance. At present the Russians are probably prudent in waiting for reinforcements; but it is said that two or three weeks must elapse before the Guards can join the army in Bulgaria. Any blow which is to be struck ought to be delivered before the end of October, though in some seasons the fine weather lasts through the autumn. In the meantime the Emperor of Russia can the less afford to make peace, because he has thus far not established the title which might have been founded on superior force to territorial or political concessions.

FRANCE.

THE death of M. THIERS has upset every calculation that had been hazarded as to the course of events in France. He was the founder of Conservative Republicanism, and it is now to be seen whether the work of his old age will outlast its parent. The strongest reason for believing that it may lies in the fact that M. THIERS chose to associate his name with the Republic rather than with any other form of government. When, in 1871, he found himself the most popular man in France, he had no temptation to risk the good will of his countrymen by espousing a cause which they were not likely to favour. His ambition was not of that Quixotic kind which invests with special charms the leadership of a forlorn hope. It is true his influence over his countrymen was great enough to give any Government that he recommended to them a considerable chance of success. But it was a characteristic of M. THIERS's practical genius to desire to recommend the Government which, apart from his adhesion to it, seemed likely to be accepted by the largest number of Frenchmen. The fact that he thought the Republic answered to this description is a strong reason for thinking so still. No man knew France better than M. THIERS; and, though his death deprives the Republicans of a leader who could and did do them incomparable services, it in no way weakens the argument derived from his original faith in their prospects. No doubt, when he surveyed the future in 1871, he saw how much he could do to make the Republic accepted by Frenchmen. But he saw also that what he could do would count for more if it was bestowed on the Republic than if it was bestowed on any of its rivals. If this opinion was well founded then, it is better founded now. If six years ago the Republic was the Government that divided Frenchmen least, nothing that has happened since has robbed it of that distinction. On the contrary, what was at that time visible only to the penetrating vision of M. THIERS has now become a commonplace with numbers who then wondered at his conclusion, even while they accepted it. Under the Republic the Commune has been overthrown; the indemnity has been paid off; a weight of taxation greater than was ever before imposed on any nation has been borne without complaint and without suffering; the army has been reconstructed; and France has been once more raised to a place among the Great Powers which is at least as far above what she could have expected in 1871 to hold in six years' time as it is below that which she was supposed to hold before the war with Germany. Even the reverses of the Republican party have turned in some sort to the advantage of the Republic. If M. THIERS had died President, France would have had no experience of the Republic apart from his guardianship. As it is, she has seen it pass into the care of its bitter enemies and survive the transfer. In comparison with the fact that the Duke of BEOGLIE and M. DE FOURTOU have not been able to destroy the Republic, the fact that M. THIERS was able to found it seems almost insignificant.

There is another aspect in which M. THIERS's death may be regarded as less disastrous to the Republicans than it is at first natural to think it. It seems, so to say, to make the Republic older by a generation. It is no longer a self-made Government; it has the beginnings of an ancestry. So long as its founder lived it was impossible to forget how young it was among French Governments; but, now that it can trace back its pedigree to the famous dead, it jumps at once to a decent antiquity. Nor will it be possible for

those who wish to honour M. THIERS now that he is gone to dissociate the object of their respect from the work which was the crown of his life. Though the public funeral which policy or natural kindness prompted Marshal MACMAHON's Government to offer has been declined, the long procession will still pass through Paris amidst every mark of national mourning; and how are people to be kept from reflecting that this representative Frenchman, this statesman who has deserved so well of his country that even his enemies cannot withhold from him the tribute of an extorted respect, was also the man who through the last and greatest years of his life preached unceasingly that the best chance of securing free and orderly government lay in the frank acceptance of the Republic? For the first time in French history, the greatest Frenchman of his time has died peacefully under a peaceful Republic which his last act was to commend to his country. The manifesto which he was to have issued in view of the elections remains among his papers, and serves as his legacy to the French people. Every honour that is paid to his memory will be another stamp on this document, another testimony to the claim that he had on the ear of the nation. Marshal MACMAHON may declare that the loss which France has sustained transcends all party limits, and can only be adequately mourned by a united nation. But he cannot get rid of the fact that the man who was so great when living, and is so missed when dead, reached his highest eminence under institutions which he deliberately held to be the best that France could have. Nor can he hope that the nation will forget that M. THIERS was a Republican because for the last four years he has been withdrawn from the notice of his countrymen. Down to last spring the MARSHAL might have persuaded himself of this; but since the 16th of May M. THIERS has been universally regarded, not as the President who made way for Marshal MACMAHON, but as the successor for whom Marshal MACMAHON might have to make way. The position which, in virtue of the MARSHAL's act, he has held in the thoughts of his countrymen will be confirmed by his dying address to the constituencies; and it is possible that his name may prove as great a power at the elections as though he were still living.

It is unhappily possible that the excitement caused by M. THIERS's death may for the moment give place to the excitement caused by his funeral. It is not known whether the conditions on which alone Mme. THIERS would consent to accept a State funeral were entirely of her own framing, or were in part due to the advice of her political friends. In the former case they are not, it is needless to say, proper subjects for comment. The sense of private and personal loss is keener even than the sense of public and political loss; and in settling the arrangements of a man's funeral his widow has a prescriptive right to take her own way without challenge. If the decision is in any degree due to the advice of the Republican leaders, it must be regarded as an error. It is not difficult indeed to understand with how much annoyance the Republican party would have seen their great statesman taken possession of immediately upon his death by a Government which in life he was opposing with all his strength. But the homage rendered natural by the unapproachable position which M. THIERS held among Frenchmen would after all have been an unwilling testimony to the greatness of his work. It would not have been to the Orleanist Minister, or to the partial historian of the Empire, that the doors of the Invalides would have been thrown open; it would have been to the ex-President of the French Republic, to the man whose versatile sagacity taught him, at an age when most men have ceased to be learners, that the Republic is the only Government under which France can hope to enjoy stable prosperity. The funeral would have been ordered by Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers; but every honour rendered to M. THIERS would have been a censure on the shortsighted and ungrateful Conservatives who drove him from power. More than this, a State funeral would have brought out in the strongest colours the real character of the factions who have thought the days between death and burial a fitting time for brutal abuse, and yet more brutal jests. When M. LOUIS VEUILLOT parades his familiarity with the next world to define M. THIERS's place in it, or M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC thanks M. THIERS for having at last liberated the territory of himself, they show plainly that they are not Frenchmen. To M. VEUILLOT France is nothing, except in so far as he thinks she may serve the cause of the POPE. To M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC

France is nothing, except in so far as she may repair the fortunes of the dynasty with which his prospects and his passions are bound up. It would have been a real advantage to the Republican cause to have seen these vultures of journalism plying their unclean work over the grave of the man whom every department of the State was combining to honour. The funeral of M. THIERS will be invested, it may be, with greater significance, because with greater popularity, by the change; but when the balance is struck between gain and loss, it will remain matter for regret that the ceremony should have been deprived of that State character which the Government were properly, if selfishly, anxious to attach to it.

EGYPT AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

A NEW convention has been made between Egypt and England for the suppression of the slave trade, and the VICEROY has thus taken a further step towards carrying out the policy which he has long pursued. To prevent slaves coming into Egypt, to protect slaves already in the country against ill-treatment, and to see that no slaves are held there, whether treated ill or well, are the three successive stages through which the ruler of a country like Egypt must pass if he wants to get rid of slavery. If it were possible to begin at the end, and to declare and enforce that no slaves should be held in Egypt, everything would be easy. If no slaves could be held in Egypt, none would be brought there; and if there were no slaves, none could be badly treated. But it never has been possible, and it is not possible now, for the VICEROY simply to forbid the holding of slaves. That no slaves should be found in Egypt is an end toward which he is obliged to work indirectly. The religion of the country recognizes slavery, the habits and traditions of the country assume its existence; and an institution which has flourished for thousands of years, which is in harmony with the national religion, and has become an intimate part of daily and family life, is not to be put an end to by a stroke of the Viceregal pen. It is not as if there were anything in Egyptian slavery to shock the feelings common to all men above the rank of barbarians. On the contrary, the life of the slave seems to many Egyptian freemen by no means an unenviable one. The white slaves or Abyssinians—for the supply of Circassians has almost entirely ceased—are the inmates of the families of rich men. The females are frequently the wives of their masters, and, if not, still their children are born free. After a certain period of servitude, males and females are generally emancipated, and, when emancipated, are in some way provided for. The black slaves from the upper valley of the Nile are almost exclusively used as domestic servants. There is nothing in Egypt like the slave labour of the English and American sugar-plantations of other days; and, so far as field labour is compulsory in Egypt, it is the free fellahs and not the black slaves that are subject to it. The advantages and disadvantages of domestic service as compared with the condition of the agricultural population are shared by these black slaves. They are well cared for, they live without anxiety, and they look down on the peasantry broiling in the sun and fleeced by the tax-gatherer. In return, they are despised as being dependents, and they have to take their chance of finding a good or a bad master. An Egyptian proprietor no more thinks of pitying them than an English gentleman thinks of pitying his footmen. Nor can he see that the Abyssinian women of his household have any cause of complaint. He has purchased them, married them, lived with them, and cared for them, because they are much better looking and retain their good looks much longer than the native Arab women, and pretty women rule men in Egypt as elsewhere. In slavery and concubinage he sees nothing wrong, for his religion sanctions them; and all he asks himself is whether, so far as he is concerned, domestic servants and concubines have moderately happy lives; and, unless he is worse than the bulk of his class, he can answer conscientiously that they have.

But, no doubt, all masters are not good, and some slaves are ill-treated. Against abuses of this sort the KHEDIVÉ set to work some years ago with a sense of unfettered energy, for the opinion of the country was with him. He ordered that every slave who was proved to have been ill-used should be at once set at liberty. The masters, to prevent the operation of the enactment, trumped up charges of theft and other small crimes, and the slave

was imprisoned unless he consented to return to his master. On this, as Mr. McCOAN has set forth in his recent work on Egypt, the KHEDEVE ordered that the foreign Consuls should have jurisdiction in such cases, and should, if they thought fit, have power to demand the manumission of the slave. Unfortunately, the foreign Consuls and their agents were more zealous than wise. They set free slaves by wholesale. They attempted, by a very unfair exercise of the power granted them, not to control, but to extirpate, slavery; and in one place 1,700 slaves were set free in a single month. The subjects of the KHEDEVE remonstrated, and he limited the power of manumission to cases in which the ill-usage was distinctly proved before a mixed tribunal of the consular agents sitting with native officials, but with an appeal to the Consuls in the chief towns. Practically this way of managing things seems to work well, and gross cases of ill-treatment are understood to be rare. But, even if slaves are well treated, the primary source of evil remains. The stock of slaves is not self-recruiting, and if slavery is to be kept up, fresh slaves must be imported. It is the frightful sufferings endured by the captured negroes on their way to their future homes, and the misery and desolation spread through the regions of capture by the practice of kidnapping, that constitute the real horrors of Mahomedan slavery. The VICEROY has long endeavoured to check the practice, and to some extent he has succeeded. Slaves used to be brought into Egypt in long droves at a time, and these droves are now almost unknown. Colonel GORDON has lately been appointed absolute governor for life of all Egypt above the Second Cataract, and when he first saw the powers granted to him he was satisfied that it would be his own fault if the slave trade was not suppressed. But when he came to examine the state of things really existing, he found that the VICEROY had already managed to stop the droves, and that slaves were only smuggled in by small batches. Colonel GORDON at once recognized that he could not hope to do much more than had been done, as no energy can suffice to guard the enormous frontier of Southern Egypt against the intrusion of traders who come with only four or five slaves in their train. It must be remembered too that only a portion of the slaves brought into Egypt is intended for the Egyptian market. Their main destination is the eastern shore of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf; and, in order to be sent there, they have to be carried through Egyptian territory and shipped at an Egyptian port. The country through which they are conveyed is so wild, and the coast of Egypt is so long, that it is very difficult to prevent slaves being shipped; and, if they are once shipped, the only thing is to capture at sea the vessel in which they are conveyed, and set free the slaves.

To do this with anything like real efficiency is a costly and troublesome operation, and by the new convention England agrees to help the KHEDEVE in carrying it out. By this convention the KHEDEVE engages to prohibit the importation or the transit of slaves into or through his territories. Any person engaged in the traffic is, if an Egyptian, to be tried for stealing with murder by a court-martial, and, if a foreigner, is to be handed over to his consular authorities, while the slaves found in his possession are to be liberated and provided for. These are not, it may be observed, so much new provisions as a revival of existing provisions, and all that is new is that the KHEDEVE now solemnly binds himself to England to put the present law into full force. But there follow two clauses which introduce important novelties. In the first place, the KHEDEVE engages that all traffic in slaves shall cease after a certain period has elapsed, which period is fixed at seven years for Egypt Proper, and twelve years for the territory of Colonel GORDON. At present the importation of slaves is forbidden, but not the sale of slaves in whom the owner has a valid title of possession. The KHEDEVE does not go so far as to prohibit the mere holding of slaves. An Egyptian will be able to hold slaves, but not to acquire them. In a few years, if no new slaves could be acquired, slaves would die out. The process will of course be a gradual one, and its slowness will disappoint the more zealous advocates of abolition. But the KHEDEVE is aware that one national institution cannot be changed effectively unless other institutions connected with it are modified in the same direction. Polygamy in one way lies at the root of Egyptian slavery, and polygamy seems to be necessarily accompanied by the seclusion of women. In order to produce a state of things in which slavery will be treated

as unnatural, the fashions of life must be changed; and any fashions of life affecting women change very slowly. But already a conspicuous approach to monogamy is being made. It is beginning to be thought the correct thing for an Egyptian of high standing to have only one wife. The heir of the KHEDEVE, for example, is content with one wife; and all the Viceregal family is brought up as nearly in European ways as circumstances will permit. The inmates of the harem show themselves more publicly than used to be allowed, and the greatest step of all has been taken in the public education of girls, which has been begun with great success at Cairo under the patronage and through the munificence of ladies belonging to the Viceregal family. All this is, however, apart from England. The VICEROY tells England, as a Power nearly interested in the suppression of slavery, what he is willing to undertake in his own dominions. But the importation of slaves into Egypt is a much more manageable evil than the transit of slaves through Egypt, and it is in his endeavours to stop the transit that England now undertakes to help him. In order to co-operate effectually, the two Powers are to be authorized to detain and search for slaves the vessels of each other in the Red Sea, in the Gulf of Aden, on the coast of Arabia, the East coast of Africa, and in the maritime waters of Egypt; and this power is extended in favour of the VICEROY to the inland waters of Egypt. One of the very greatest difficulties with which the KHEDEVE has had to contend has been that slaves were carried in his own inland waters under foreign flags; but henceforth England will be free from the reproach of allowing such an abuse of her flag to be possible. England may now fairly ask other European Powers to do what she has done, and to allow vessels suspected of being slave carriers to be detained and searched. It is idle to think that the VICEROY, with all the good-will in the world, can single-handed stop the transit of slaves through his territories. The only possible way of stopping the transit is to make it certain that, if slaves are brought to the coast for shipment to Asia, they will be seized in the passage. The naval power of the KHEDEVE is not nearly adequate for the purpose; but, if England chooses to exercise her naval power, and is not hindered by want of authority to search, she will no doubt succeed in closing the Asiatic market to the slave-hunters of Central Africa; and this is the task which under the Convention he has engaged to enter on with new energy and new means of fulfilling it satisfactorily.

MORMONISM AND BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE death of BRIGHAM YOUNG may probably be followed by the collapse of his church and religion; and yet it would be rash to form a confident opinion on the further development of a remarkable mystery or puzzle. In former times orthodox theologians agreed with English and French freethinkers in ascribing to deliberate fraud the religions which they respectively believed to be false. The Encyclopædists regarded MOSES, as divines looked on MAHOMET, in the light of a selfish impostor. More accurate study of history has so far reversed the popular opinion that the founders of religions are now generally recognized as sincere enthusiasts, even when their authority is rejected. Condescending tolerance is almost as pleasant a habit of thought as the indignant zeal which vents itself in persecution; and, on the whole, the modern doctrine contains a larger admixture of truth. There is no reason to doubt that the semi-mythical BUDDHA and the historical MAHOMET believed to a large extent both in the doctrines which they proclaimed and in their own divine mission; and on a smaller scale heresiarchs have erred rather by exaggeration of favourite theories than by conscious innovation. Even Spiritualism, though mainly dependent on mendacity, contains an element of self-deception. The interest of Mormonism consists in the exceptional peculiarity of its being founded on wilful lies. It is true that it has only flourished by its adaptation to natural passions or prejudices, and to social and economic needs; but the original revelation was a clumsy and intentional forgery. JOE SMITH and his accomplices turned a tenth-rate novel into a revelation; and it is said that they exhibited the stereotype plates of the book as tablets sent down from heaven. The inspired Book of Mormon was afterwards found to have as little vitality as merit, and in its later form Mormonism has affected to be

one of many Christian sects. The Latter Day Saints would perhaps have willingly dissociated themselves from their own early history and from their sacred book; and probably their converts supposed themselves to adopt some abstruse doctrine connected with the millennium. The Fifth Monarchy men of CROMWELL's time had somewhat the same fashion of misapplying Scripture texts; and the Mormons, like their predecessors in the seventeenth century, thought themselves entitled to inherit the earth. It is in their preference of terrestrial results to posthumous hopes that their past prosperity and their chance of continued existence principally consist.

The consequences of the treacherous murder of JOE SMITH seemed to countenance the commonplace theory that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. The proposition is wholly false where persecution is systematic and obstinate. The fitful violence of Roman Emperors failed to exterminate Christianity; but in later ages the Reformation was finally trodden out in the Austrian dominions, in Italy, and in Spain. In England the Smithfield fires failed to effect their object because they were only kept alight long enough to produce resentment, and not to exterminate Protestantism. In the United States the character of the people and the national institutions are equally unsuited to thoroughgoing persecution. The Mormon sect, with its perverse doctrines and anomalous practices, became too unpopular to be endured in the midst of a settled community; but no American Inquisitor would have dreamed of pursuing the fugitives, for the good of their souls, into a remote wilderness. The migration of the survivors to the Salt Lake illustrated the courage and enterprise of the leaders, and the faith of the general body. When the Mormons ceased to trouble society with their presence, their heretical doctrines would have soon been forgotten if the anomalous practice of polygamy had not kept curiosity and repugnance alive. The distinctive element of Mormonism has been chiefly cultivated through the doctrine and example of BRIGHAM YOUNG, who succeeded, on the death of JOE SMITH, to supreme authority in the sect. It was impossible that a system so utterly inconsistent with English or European tradition should take lasting root; but a novel appeal to paradoxical and licentious instincts will always find a certain response. The Mormon doctrine provoked disgust and remonstrance outside the community of Latter Day Saints; but the monopoly of polygamous indulgence proved to be for the time a profitable possession. The majority of proselytes were not of American blood. The Mormon apostles and missionaries discovered an unsuspected vein of impatience and unrest in the midst of the dull monotony of English rural life. Labourers and their families, who might have been thought devoid of imagination and incapable of appreciating novelty, were aroused by the surprising offer of an earthly paradise in an unknown region. Proportionally the most numerous and most eager converts were found in Wales. Profound ignorance of all branches of secular knowledge was there combined with a national taste for theological controversy; and perhaps the Mormon doctrines were not much more eccentric than the declamations of preachers who were sheltered from criticism by their use of a language unintelligible to sceptical strangers.

There is some truth in the proposition that practical success is achieved, not by perverse efforts at originality, but by conformity to natural laws. The Mormon propaganda was supported by admirable care for the material welfare of proselytes to a fraudulent creed. The converts found their wants provided for by an emigration society which neglected no detail; and at the end of their long journey they were provided with subsistence and with labour suited to their various capacities. BRIGHAM YOUNG was capable of any amount of doctrinal mendacity which might be required to confirm the faith of his disciples; but his sermons consisted chiefly of economic precepts, and he never ceased to inculcate the doctrine of the necessity of labour. Sunday after Sunday his flock was reminded that it was time to sow wheat or to dig potatoes; and a benevolent despotism which enforced the conditions of well-being provoked no jealousy or resistance. Even the abominable institution of polygamy was not without its economic advantage to the dominant sex. In Utah it would have been impossible to hire housemaids and cooks; but half-a-dozen wives distributed among themselves the various duties of the household. A letter purporting to be written by a Mormon wife was once published in an

English newspaper, which stated that the master of the house had with difficulty consented, at the instance of herself and her so-called sisters, to give them a colleague versed in the management of the dairy. Similar pressure would have been applied to an English householder, not by his wives, but by his hired maidservants. The rapid increase of the population was also a source of wealth. The Prophet perhaps alone discerned the possibility of developing under a despotism or theocracy the resources which have elsewhere provided means of expansion for American democracy. There are some advantages in authority, though it may not be so indispensable in a new country as in a more sophisticated society; and, throughout the whole of North America, the Mormons alone practised voluntary submission to a ruler not elected by themselves. English and Welsh immigrants were, at least on their first arrival, disposed to prefer comfortable security to moral and intellectual freedom. The spiritual chief whom they had been taught to reverence was a skillful and considerate master. As in Mahometan countries, the poorer members of the community had nothing to do with the plurality of wives.

As long as his orders were obeyed BRIGHAM YOUNG was not a tyrannical potentate and patriarch; but he had no scruple in repelling by fraud or violence any interference which threatened his supremacy. One of his bishops was lately executed for his share in a massacre of immigrants which is supposed to have been perpetrated several years ago under the orders of the Mormon Government. The crime was actually committed by Indians; but BRIGHAM YOUNG had displayed his usual ability in establishing an influence over the native tribes; and, as a regularly constituted court considered that the guilt of the bishop was proved, the reigning Prophet was probably not a stranger to the transaction. The extension of settlements in his neighbourhood, and the increasing admixture of strangers or Gentiles with the population, impaired more and more the security of the Mormon dominion. Its overthrow was assured when the Pacific Railway gave access to the Salt Lake from the East and the West. BRIGHAM YOUNG displayed both vigour and ingenuity in a long struggle with the authorities of the United States. Although he escaped the fate of his predecessor, he found that he had to deal with adversaries who were sometimes as unscrupulous as himself. The boasted toleration of American law and opinion was suspended in dealing with polygamy; and statutes passed for entirely different purposes were strained for the suppression of an unpopular practice. If it is an advantage to anticipate disappointment and misfortune, BRIGHAM YOUNG may be thought happy in the opportune time of his death. All his cunning and audacity would have failed to repel the invasion of unbelieving strangers, who violate the sanctity of his seclusion. His followers will probably be absorbed in the crowd; and their peculiar doctrines will disappear. Polygamy could in no case have been long maintained; and if the Mormons have any other religious tenets, they will be allowed to preach and to worship in any form which they may prefer. It may be doubted whether they have now spirit enough for a new migration; but it is possible that some enthusiasts may take refuge in Mexican territory, where they could maintain their independence in spite of the natives, and where they would be temporarily secure from the officious interference of American intruders. If the Mormon Church survives, BRIGHAM YOUNG ought to be regarded as its principal saint and hero.

ADMIRALTY ORGANIZATION.

THE FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY has now returned from his brief holiday, and entered on his new and arduous duties. The task which he has undertaken is certainly no light and easy one, inasmuch as the navy is, unfortunately, not in a sound and satisfactory condition, and many serious reforms are urgently required. At the same time, it may be hoped that in this instance there will be no reason to apply the proverb of new brooms. There is much to be done, and of course the sooner it can be done the better; but a cautious and well-considered policy will save time in the long run, and, judging from Mr. SMITH's official antecedents, we have no ground to fear that he will be tempted into any hasty conclusions or rash experiments. The great obstacle to the improvement of naval administration is that, while its faults are sufficiently con-

spicuous, it is difficult to decide what remedies should be tried, and how the dead weight of professional traditions and prejudices can be overcome. If, however, the present FIRST LORD looks back over the history of his department, he will have the consolation of knowing that his predecessors were troubled by the same problems, and that their attempts to solve them, however ineffectual in many respects, have provided a useful basis of experience to go upon in future efforts.

In a pamphlet which was published a few years ago, and was supposed to be written by the Duke of SOMERSET, it was remarked that the mind of man does not go back to the time when the management of the navy by the Admiralty was not a subject of dissatisfaction; and this is proved by the continuous succession of Committees and Commissions on the subject. There was a Royal Commission in 1860 on the dockyards; next year there was a Committee of the House of Commons on the Board of Admiralty; another Committee of the same House on Admiralty Accounts in 1868, and in 1871 there was a similar inquiry by the House of Lords. In 1870 there was also an independent Committee, of which Lord DUFFERIN was the Chairman, on the designs of ships of war. In the course of this period, as Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON has pointed out, the Admiralty system has passed through two distinct phases—that which was organized by Sir JAMES GRAHAM, and which, more or less modified, existed from 1832 up to the end of 1868; and that which was organized by Mr. CHILDERS in 1869, and which is substantially still in operation. The difference between these two systems may be broadly said to be that the former was a real, though cumbersome, Board, while the other was a Board only in name, the First Lord exercising autocratic power. Sir JAMES GRAHAM's Board, comprising a First Lord (a Cabinet Minister), four Naval Lords, and one Civil Lord, a Parliamentary and a permanent Secretary, kept all the authority in its own hands, either acting as a collective body or by each of the Lords, with the exception of the First Lord, taking the special duty of superintending one of the civil officers at the head of departments, who were bound, in "all matters relating to the duties of their several departments, to consult and advise with" this Lord, and would do nothing by themselves. The greater part of the duties of these officers being undefined, they had to resort to mere proposals and submissions, sent through the Secretary, to be dealt with either at the discretion of the superintending Lord, or by the action of the Board. This was found to occasion an immense duplication of work, writing, copying, indexing, and recording papers, and rendered necessary a large clerical staff. With such a system there could be, as Sir SPENCER ROBINSON said in his evidence before the Lords' Committee in 1871, "no unity of purpose or method. The Controller's correspondence was frightful to contemplate. Orders were given by the Board without a reference to the Controller; his approved submissions were executed in a branch profoundly ignorant of professional matters and of the meaning of the terms 'employed.'" It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, there was much foolish interference by Lords and Secretaries with matters which they did not understand; and that the absence of commercial knowledge led to waste and mismanagement. In 1868 the Royal Commissioners reported that the "accounts are useless for the purpose of comparison, and not to be relied on as 'statements of facts.'" Such a state of things, of course, could not go on; and various important reforms were introduced.

Next came Mr. CHILDERS, with his plan of reconstituting the governing body of the navy. He retained the title Board, and divided the business into three branches, the *personnel*, the material, and the financial—the First Sea Lord, the Third Lord, and the Parliamentary Secretary being placed respectively at the head of those departments, as subordinate and responsible to the First Lord; and the principal civil officers were reduced from five to two. The chief feature of this arrangement was that each head of department dealt with the subjects put before him, so far as he had authority, referring always in cases of importance to the First Lord, or to any department specially affected by the transaction. In this way the stores were placed under one authority; the gunnery, shipbuilding, and engineering branches were brought into connexion with each other, and in subordination to the head of the department; and the Chief Constructor's authority was also

extended and strengthened. On the whole, this new system seems to have been productive both of economy and efficiency; but its weak point was that, as Sir S. ROBINSON justly described it, it was "only a nominal Board, which really did no business, circulated no information, and afforded no opportunities for consultation," and that it concentrated all the information as to the current business of the Admiralty in the hands of the First Lord alone, so that the advantages of a departmental division of business were neutralized. The Duke of SOMERSET also expressed a strong opinion of the necessity of intimate communication and consultation between the various executive officers of a department so complicated in the nature of its work as the Admiralty. It was suggested in the House of Lords' Committee in 1871 that the Financial Secretary's position ought to be improved by his being placed second to the First Lord, and not only kept thoroughly acquainted with the finance of the Admiralty, but invested with power to govern and direct it. It has also been proposed that the heads of the divisions in the Admiralty ought to act as Under-Secretaries of State in seeing and signing the letters written in accordance with their minutes; and that on any difficult question arising a council of the heads of departments and such of their staffs as might be required should be held, as a support to the First Lord, by giving him the advice of naval men, without infringing on his supremacy.

Perhaps the weakest point in the present organization of the Admiralty is the administration of the dockyards, which has of late been productive of unceasing blunders and mismanagement. The list of break-downs in machinery has been continuously kept up for the last year or two, and the new FIRST LORD will observe that it still goes on. The *Shannon*, a nine-gun iron armour-plated steamship, which was required for immediate use, was professedly ready for sea towards the end of August, and went out for a full-speed trial in the Channel, under the control of the engineer staff, which resulted in a disastrous failure. It has been stated that "shortly after the start several bearings showed signs of heating, and afterwards the piston and piston-rods became heated to an alarming extent. All efforts to cool them failed, and the ship returned to harbour, having taken six hours from the Eddystone Lighthouse." The *Times*, in its account of this affair, states that the engineer officers did not detect the increased temperature, and that the consequence was that in a very short time a number of bearings, the piston-rods, and pistons were heated to an alarming extent; that "every effort was unsuccessfully made"—what are we to think of the engineer officers?—"to cool them down." It was also found that the atmosphere between decks was stinking and suffocating. After two more trials of the ship, one of which was pronounced satisfactory, while the other was another break-down, the Admiralty decided that it was "expedient to have the modifications and alterations to her masts and rigging as recommended by her captain carried at once into effect." To enable this to be done, the ship has, therefore, been brought into harbour, and a detention of several months will necessarily occur, and the repairs will cost 5,000*l*. It also turns out that she is twenty-three inches lower in the water than was intended by the architect. There has been a hole-and-corner inquiry on this affair; but the result has been kept secret. There can be no doubt that this ought to have been made a matter of court-martial, and the facts made public. If the accounts which have appeared are true, the engineer officers ought all to be dismissed; and it is only by discipline of this kind that the fleet can ever be preserved. In the *Times* of August 28 we read of "the inexplicable collapse of the machinery of the *Sirius* so soon after the thorough repair effected in 1875." Then, again, we find in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"In consequence of the breaking down of the machinery for steering the barbettes turret-ship *Téméraire*, which left Chatham for the Mediterranean a few days since, Mr. WARREN, the constructor at Chatham Dockyard, has gone, by order of the Admiralty, to Portsmouth to ascertain the amount of damage which has been occasioned, and to superintend the repairs." Another case, that of the *Boadicea*, is mentioned by a naval officer in a letter to the *Times*, in which he states that the cables "were drilled or bored into to such an extent as to imperil the safety of the ship and crew"; and adds:—"Your Correspondents are telling us of culpable blunders,

"not only in construction, but in the commonest of details, and the last *exposé* is but a sample of the slipshod manner in which the work is performed in HER MAJESTY'S dock-yards." Another Correspondent of the *Times* a short time back pointed out the source of all these shameful disasters. "The fact is," says "VIGIL," "there is no real central management or authority in the dockyards. The naval superintendents are in no sense managers. . . . They are only the vehicles through which orders from the Admiralty pass to the several heads of departments under them. . . . The Chief Constructors of the yards and the Chief Engineers and other principal officers are wholly independent of one another; and under such a system who can be surprised that deplorable mistakes should occur? The only wonder is that they are not far more numerous." These are certainly matters for the FIRST LORD'S serious consideration, and the manner in which he deals with them will be a test of his capacity for his post.

THE ANTWERP CONGRESS.

THE Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations is a most respectable and well-intentioned body. It has an ex-Irish Chancellor for its President, and Judges without number among its Vice-Presidents. Every country in Europe is represented in its Council, and if good names could ensure the acceptance of its doctrines, we should be close upon an international millennium. The proceedings of the Fifth Congress, which has been sitting this week at Antwerp, are a singular mixture of sense and extravagance. At times the Conference discussed questions which are fairly within the competence of private jurists; at other times it discussed questions which private jurists cannot influence in the slightest degree. The Conference listening to a paper from Sir TRAVERS TWISS on "Continuous Voyages," and the Conference listening to a paper from Mr. RICHARD on the "Obligation of Treaties," seems hardly the same body. It is really a pity, when there is so much useful work to be done, that the Association should allow itself to be discredited by the impracticable pretensions which some of its members assert on its behalf. The list of questions submitted to the recent meeting at Antwerp included Bills of Exchange, General Average, Foreign Judgments, Patent Law, Trade Marks, Copyright, Bankruptcy. These come under the head of Private International Law; and, besides these, papers were read on Foreign Loans, Extradition, and the effect of recent American decisions on the law of Contraband of War, which are technically included under the head of Public International Law. There is something to be gained by debating subjects of this character, because the persons who take part in the debate are the persons who are ordinarily instrumental in getting the existing law improved. As regards continuous voyages, for example, the argument of Sir TRAVERS TWISS will be studied by Judges and diplomatists; and, if the American decisions against which he protests prove to be as mischievous as he thinks them, the English Government will negotiate with the Government of the United States with the view of obtaining a renunciation of the claims asserted on behalf of belligerents. So, again, with the question of a common code with regard to bills of exchange. The international element in matters of this kind is strictly subordinate to the municipal element. The process by which a code common to all or many mercantile nations is created is that first one and then another country improves its laws on the subject, and then it is discovered that the differences between them, when improved, are so slight that it is only a small additional step to making them uniform. But the value of a common code of this kind is derived less from its international character than from the universality of its municipal character. The introduction of a code is merely the final stage of that process of assimilation which enables a merchant in England to know that he will have the same remedies if he is wronged in France or Germany that he has if he is wronged at home.

When Mr. RICHARD or Dr. THOMPSON occupied the tribune the municipal element disappeared. These gentlemen move in a region which knows nothing of the commonplace subjects that concern merchants or bankers. It is not the laws which regulate the mutual intercourse of the subjects of different States that interest them, but the

laws which regulate the mutual relations of the States themselves. The subject of both their papers was treaties; but there was a difference in the treatment it received at their hands. Mr. RICHARD is an English member of Parliament; Dr. THOMPSON is a resident in Germany, if he is not a born German; and the nationalities, real or acquired, of the two writers came out very clearly in their essays. Mr. RICHARD'S paper might have been a speech delivered in the House of Commons. Dr. THOMPSON'S paper had the air of a philosophical treatise. Mr. RICHARD began by defining treaties as the promises of nations. He did not say in so many words that they shared with some other promises the proverbial resemblance to piecrust; but this unfortunate feature in them was evidently present to his mind. Indeed, when allowance has been made for all the causes which Mr. RICHARD accepts as sufficient to invalidate treaties, the wonder is that any yet remain in force. The mere enumeration reads like the reasons for drinking. Some treaties are by their nature temporary, others become void by the course of events. Some are invalid because they were made under duress, others because they have followed upon an aggressive war. There are even, it seems, instances where it is the duty of the Government to break a treaty rather than to observe it. Upon these last points Mr. RICHARD is prudent enough to say that the doctrine of the non-binding character of inconvenient treaties is a dangerous one. With this view of the nature of treaties, it is not strange that Mr. RICHARD should be of opinion that the less we have to do with them the better. This may be a very good conclusion for the future, but it does not greatly help us as regards the past. Supposing that England is wise, and enters into no more obligations, will this exonerate her from discharging the obligations she has already incurred? Mr. RICHARD'S long list of treaties that are no treaties suggests that, in virtue of making no more promises, we may be absolved from those made heretofore. But the praise he bestows on the declaration introduced into the Treaty of London, that no Power can modify any of the stipulations of a treaty save with the assent of the contracting parties, seems to point the other way.

Dr. THOMPSON has a much more ambitious plan, and we can but regret that from the summary given of it in the *Times*, it is only possible to glean a very imperfect idea of its purport. The object he proposes to himself is to make treaties inviolable, except by the methods provided in the treaty itself, or by the general consent of nations. His first suggestion for bringing this about is that the ethical points on which nations are agreed should be embodied in a code. We should ourselves prefer an international copybook to an international code, as being more likely to catch the national eye and improve the national mind. If the Foreign Ministers in constitutional countries, and the sovereigns in countries in which constitutional governments are still unknown or in their infancy, were to spend a part of every day in writing out such sentences as "Perform Public Promises," it is impossible to say what good effects might not follow. Dr. THOMPSON places more reliance on candidates' pledges than we are able to do; for his second means of ensuring the observance of treaties is to make every man who wants to get into Parliament promise to co-operate with the Governments of other countries in guaranteeing the mutual faith of nations. In some unexplained way the same great end is to be promoted by the appointment of an international conference charged with the preparation of a convention in which, as we suppose, should be set forth the several ways in which a treaty may be honourably broken. If the methods prescribed in this convention were rejected by any of the parties, the offending Government should be internationally outlawed and declared subject to the penalty of war. This conclusion was naturally distasteful to Mr. RICHARD, as being inconsistent with the doctrines of the Peace Society, and Dr. THOMPSON was obliged to modify it in some degree. The offending Power is only to be liable to a declaration of war at the hands of united Europe, and this is so very innocent a threat that even Mr. RICHARD himself could hardly find fault with it. Whenever united Europe wishes to go to war with any one Power, it will go to war, whether that Power has wriggled or broken out of a treaty or has walked out of it through a door made and provided for the purpose. Whenever united Europe is not anxious to go to war, it will remember that the offending Power has only made itself liable to the penalty, and

that it is entirely in the discretion of the Great Powers to determine whether it shall be inflicted. So long as the Association allows its time to be wasted in such pedantic trifling it cannot wonder if it fails to get due credit for any practical services it may render to the cause of legal improvement.

WATER SUPPLY AND THE LORDS' COMMITTEE.

WHEN the subordinate members of the Ministry are not sufficiently certain of the intentions of their chiefs to feel it safe to praise their policy in larger matters, they usually fall back on those sanitary promises which Lord BEACONSFIELD has made do the work of sanitary performance. It would be interesting to know what a gentleman who thinks that the present Government have been specially careful about the health of the people supposes the term to mean. Whatever else may happen to be included in it, it is plain that there is one thing which is not included in it—the provision of wholesome water. It is true that this matter comes in theory under the jurisdiction of the local authorities of each district. In towns the theory and the fact in some measure agree; and at all events, if the authorities are idle or obstructive, the inhabitants have the remedy in their own hands. But in villages local self-government is very imperfectly developed. The election of a Guardian seldom excites much interest; and as yet he is chiefly known, when elected, in his capacity of a dispenser of parish relief. Even if things were different, and the composition of the Sanitary Authority were a subject that came home to every ratepayer, villages would be almost powerless in this particular matter. Excellent as the intentions of a Sanitary Authority as regards water supply may be, there is not much that can be done to carry them out in the absence of proper co-operation between the different parts of a district. The choice of the Union as the sanitary unit was justified by the circumstances with which the framers of the Public Health Act had to deal; but so long as the Union remains the sanitary unit there must be questions which the local Sanitary Authority is incompetent to handle. The supply of wholesome water is one of these questions. Here and there no doubt there are cases in which a small outlay will put a village in possession of an ample supply of good water. It is there, in fact, waiting to be used, and only needs a conduit pipe to bring it within reach, or a pump to raise it to the surface. Far more often, however, the provision of water to a village is a matter of considerable difficulty. There is no proper supply to be had, or the supply that is to be had has been made unfit for use by the ill-directed energy of the inhabitants. These conditions are not limited to one or two cases merely. They reappear again and again over the whole country. For the Government or Parliament to take up any one case or group of cases, and make it the object of legislation, would be a simple waste of time. What is wanted in one place is equally wanted in a thousand others. The knowledge upon which any successful treatment of one case must necessarily be based may, when once attained, be the foundation of similar improvements as regards all the rest. There are much the same difficulties to be overcome, and, with due allowance for local circumstances, the machinery which overcomes them in one place will overcome them in others. What is wanted, therefore, is some fairly comprehensive survey of the whole ground, such as can only be undertaken either by a Government department, by a Parliamentary Committee, or by a Royal Commission. Ordinarily speaking, the two latter methods of inquiry are inferior to the first. A Government department can usually command all the information it is really in want of, and it can qualify the conclusions to which this information points by considerations of which Committees and Commissions can take no account. A Minister is often blamed for doing less than a Commission has recommended, when all the time he has the very sufficient excuse that he has to think of what will pass, while the Commission has only to think of what ought to pass. But in this particular instance a public inquiry would have a decided advantage over an inquiry by a Government department. People have to grow accustomed to the idea that drinking-water in the country is usually bad; and they will not grow accustomed to it unless it is forcibly and repeatedly brought before them. The proceedings of a Parliamentary Committee, and still more of a Royal

Commission, would have a good deal more publicity attaching to them than any investigation set on foot merely for the information of the Government.

It may seem surprising that there should be any need to press the present Government to appoint a Commission or a Committee. They have, it may be said, been doing little else ever since they came into office. It is their regular prescription for every legislative want. Where other Governments bring in Bills, this Government collects evidence. A closer inspection of the circumstances under which this favourite remedy has been applied will show why the supply of water has not commended itself to the Government as an appropriate subject either for a Commission or a Committee. In this case inquiry would be designed to prepare the way for legislation. In the other cases inquiry has been designed to stave off legislation. When a Bill is wanted, the Government stand ready with a Committee. When a Committee is wanted, the Government argue that to appoint it now might bring nearer the day on which they will have to introduce a Bill; whereas, if they wait some time longer, and then appoint a Committee, this inconvenient day may be further postponed. The prevention of floods was a subject about which it might reasonably be argued that all was known that could be known; consequently the prevention of floods was commended to the inquiring care of a Select Committee of the Lords. The supply of water is a subject about which there is a great deal more to be known; consequently the supply of water is carefully kept out of the way of Committees. It would be unfair to give the Government the whole credit of this eminent piece of passive resistance. The House of Lords has cheerfully co-operated with them in the matter, and this co-operation has been of very great value. At the beginning of the past Session a Select Committee was appointed to inquire how floods could be prevented, and in a moment of unusual pliability the Government consented to extend the scope of the investigation by making it include the storage of water. In this way, it seemed that the end had at last been gained. Storage of water is only one of the expedients which may be employed to improve the water supply of villages; but it is one of them, and there was reason to hope that it could not be made the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry without opening up the whole question. Why should water be stored? Because, without storage, the supply in many villages is apt to run short, or to be of bad quality. Why is water thus deficient or unwholesome in many villages? Because the wells do not yield enough, or they are polluted by sewage or other poisonous matters. Is there no other way of remedying this except storage? Yes; in many cases the wells may be deepened and kept free from contamination. This elementary little catechism roughly represents the course which it was hoped that the labours of the Committee would take; and, had they done so, all the necessary information might have been collected.

Thus the Government were very near having the inquiry which they had refused to set on foot in form forced on them in substance. But the Lords' Committee stood their friend, and saved them by the bold yet simple expedient of taking no notice of the additional subject into which they were ordered to inquire. In the first conception of the Committee it had been a Committee to consider how floods may be prevented, and a Committee to consider how floods may be prevented it has continued to the last. There is not a reference to the storage of water in the Report. Some misguided witness may have attempted to drag it in; but, if he did, the Committee paid no attention to him. Their Report contains some useful recommendations as to the appointment of Conservancy Boards, based on the profound truth that, if the channel of a river is kept free from obstructions, the flood water is likely to pass through it more quickly. But, of the far more interesting and important subject, how rural England is to be supplied with wholesome water, they say not a single word. Nothing apparently but some extraordinary outbreak of disease will call the attention of the Government or of Parliament to the fact that all the conditions which make such an outbreak possible are rife in every English village.

THE CAMPAIGN IN BULGARIA.

BEFORE the present war was entered upon, an important factor had well-nigh been left out altogether from the general calculation as to the prospects of the Turkish arms. The world was prepared for a display, more or less intense, of Oriental fanaticism; but it had only imperfectly reckoned on what might be accomplished by fanaticism *plus* the breechloader, or rather *plus* the ability to turn arms of precision to good account. If any one were asked offhand to describe his idea of a fanatic, he would probably answer that a fanatic is a disorderly person girt about with pistols, apt at brandishing a yataghan or Dufasacus scimitar, having protruding black eyes charged with ferocity, and as being altogether an unchristian and most objectionable character. Of any number of such men when collected for battle, the story of all wars between barbarian and civilized hosts shows that the latter in the long run invariably give good account. But now, for the first time in history, we find the army of a more or less civilized Power opposed to the army of an essentially barbarian Empire, whose troops are not only fanatics, but trained, disciplined, organized fanatics, who are moreover fairly well commanded, at least in the higher ranks; and they are in possession of the best rifle of the day, and use that rifle, by all accounts, in a manner most satisfactory to themselves. We do not think that all this had entered into the general calculation. It was probably not known, except to a few, that all last winter the Turkish troops were being carefully put through a course of musketry with something like the precision with which it is conducted at Hythe. There were sandbags, and there was aiming and position drill, and target practice. Many of us will, we fear, be compelled to retract some strong sayings about the Turk's habitual shortsightedness, imprudence, and negligence. It is of course true that his nature lends itself easily to these failings; but, partly perhaps on that very account, it is liable to be suddenly aroused to an exhibition of energy which a devouring fanaticism fires and sustains. At any rate, to whatever causes the Turks are indebted for their being in a position to wage war with one of the greatest of military States—whether to their own fitful cunning, or to their having followed the suggestions of outsiders—there is the fact that they procured a formidable ironclad fleet for nothing, and that their land forces are supplied with the best rifle and one of the best cannon. To the Turk also belongs the honour of being the first to introduce repeating rifles on a European battle-ground. It will be interesting to ascertain whether these can be used with advantage. Correspondents have already spoken of them as doing great execution, though the statement should be taken with reserve. We believe most military men have no high opinion of them, for several reasons; the two most important of which are a certain waste of ammunition, unless they are put into the hands only of picked marksmen, and the impossibility of keeping up a continuous fire without overheating the piece. It is probable, however, that in particular cases—such, for instance, as that of two hostile bodies of infantry meeting unexpectedly close, or when alternate sections in a line have reserved their fire until the attacking enemy draws near—the rapid shooting of a repeating rifle may be attended with sweeping effects. It is amusing to read, in a letter from Erzeroum, that the wild Kurds, who in their mountain homes had probably been more accustomed to handle flint muskets than modern rifles, were not even content with such a fire-eating weapon as the Winchester, but demanded, several thousands of them, to be served out each with a pistol in addition.

In the warfare of to-day the inseparable companion to a good rifle is a good spade. It was a dictum of Napoleon that "earth-works on a field of battle are often useful, never injurious"; but, in the sixty years since Waterloo was fought, invention has spanned whole centuries of ordinary progress, and field-works, which were always useful, are now indispensable, more especially to the side which awaits the attack. This is not particularly on account of the long distance at which the rifle takes effect; for infantry companies dispersed as units seeking for cover, and running or creeping forward from cover to cover, in moving to attack—and nearly all ground offers either hedges or ditches, bushes, trees, stones, or other inequalities—do not present frequent chances to a certain aim. But when the word is passed to rise and form column of assault, and the scattered skirmishers begin to radiate to the common centre—the enemy's field-work—then the rapid fire of the breech-loader tells. The old muzzle-loaders could not be reloaded in time when the attacking force was rushing in close, and the bayonet had to be trusted to; and the bayonet is a better weapon in the hands of stormers carried forward by the enthusiasm of a charge than when held by those waiting to receive the onset. Now, however, the occupants of a work will usually have time for three or four or more shots before the attack is upon them. The Turks seem thoroughly to understand the art of entrenching themselves to advantage. In one of the late combats in the Shipka Pass we read that they had disposed in front of a redoubt felled trees as *abatis*, in which the Russians, who with admirable perseverance, and notwithstanding immense losses, had worked their way close up to the work, got entangled. Nothing discourages troops more than, when their whole energies are directed to a certain point, and they know victory will be theirs if they gain that point, to find an unexpected obstacle in their path which breaks their onset, and sets them calculating how it is to be traversed, while all the while the enemy is plying them with unceasing fire.

So far as the war has yet proceeded no battle on anything

approaching to a grand scale has been fought, unless we except that at Plevna, which was more remarkable for its consequences than for the numbers which were there engaged. But a great many small and fierce combats have taken place. In most of them the Turks have had distinctly the upper hand, though in the very important contests in the Shipka Pass the result has been a drawn battle as far as the actual fighting is concerned. If we take, however, a broader view, and consider the affair less in the light of an isolated series of actions than as a piece of a strategical whole, it must be allowed that the Turks have lost infinitely more than they have gained in attempting the ejection of the enemy from the Balkans by attacking him in his strongest point. The proceedings of the Turkish generals during the last month scarcely give us the impression that they are aware of the vital necessity of forestalling the arrival of the large Russian reinforcements by taking concerted action at once. Either this, or they fear that the greater portion of their commands is unfitted for movements in the open field. But assuming, as we have a right to assume, from the conduct of the Turkish troops in the various combats, and from the numbers which have taken part in them, that the generals would be able, both on the side of Plevna and of Rasgrad, to advance with a very considerable mass of excellent fighting material, we are inclined to think that their strategy is at fault.

How significant is the remark in the telegram of the *Daily News* Correspondent from the headquarters of the Russian 13th Corps at Gagovo! "The Czarevitch's army," he says, "is necessarily divided into small masses at different places along the whole line of front from Giurgevo to Timova. Speedy concentration is impossible; first, from want of troops; secondly, on account of the great distances and narrow roads." Now from "Giurgevo to Timova" means *via* Osman Bazar, so that that army has been holding a rectangular position some hundred and twenty miles in length. It is no wonder, then, when the defence of so long a line has to be undertaken by a force of under three corps, that in the fight of the 30th ultimo at Kara Hassanlar, the only remark the Correspondent heard passed among the Russians was "There are too many." Small as was the number of Turks detailed for the attack—only three brigades of infantry—the enemy was found in yet lesser strength at an important point in his line. The disposition of the army of the Czarevitch, if the description of "from Giurgevo to Timova" holds good, reminds us forcibly of that of the French army at the opening of the campaign in 1870, when it was laid out in a line of corps from Thionville to Strasburg, a hundred miles in length. In each case the advancing enemy commanded far superior numbers; for Mehemet Ali is reported from many quarters to have as many as 160,000 men under his orders, and it is not at all improbable that he has that number, independently of the garrisons in the Quadrilateral. But a reader of military history would point out that it has usually been the device of only inferior commanders, when they have had a long time to guard and expect attack from a stronger force, to distribute their troops in order to guard as extended a front as possible. This system was thoroughly in vogue among the French in the beginning of the last century, and found its exposition in those long "continuous lines of entrenchments," the weakness of which Marlborough was quick to detect. It is on the same principle that commanders have so often attempted to dispute the passage of a long river-course by disseminating their forces with a view to guard the whole length. Dissemination of the lesser number inevitably gives the greater number still more advantages than it already has. Of course the idea which suggests the guarding of every point proceeds from dislike to yield at any point. But great generals have always gone on a contrary principle. When the war of 1809 with Austria broke out, Napoleon on arriving at the headquarters of his army found that Masséna, who was in command, had disposed his troops over so long a line that it offered the Archduke Charles a fine opportunity of beating them in detail. Napoleon instantly concentrated the army where he judged it most essential it should be in superior strength. Another excellent example of choosing which among several important considerations was the most important was given by the same commander while engaged in besieging Mantua. An Austrian army advanced to raise the siege. Many generals similarly circumstanced would have tried to combine the continuation of the siege with a movement against the enemy in the field. Napoleon judged otherwise. Though most anxious for the capture of Mantua, he abandoned the idea entirely for the moment, and marched every man he could muster against the relieving force. He beat them thoroughly; then returned, besieged, and took Mantua.

But, though the undue extension of the Russian line gives an opening to Mehemet Ali, it must be remembered that if he is unable to use his advantage, and gives the enemy time to receive the expected additions to his numbers, this extension will eventually turn to the benefit of the Russians. To observers at a distance an imperious necessity seems laid upon the Turks to attempt a grand *coup* from the side of Rasgrad-Rustchuk, for the little victories carried off lately in that quarter only parry, they do not solve, the one pressing question. The Turks have not to fight for prestige, but to win a great victory; and the latest news shows that they appreciate the necessity of their position. Turkish telegrams have arrived from Schumla and Constantinople reporting a great battle on Wednesday at Kazalievo, on the Lom, in which the Turks are said to have driven the Russians over the river with great slaughter. Even making allowance for any exaggeration in these accounts, this seems to indicate an

important movement, and one quite in the right line. If the Turks fail, they always have their entrenchments ready prepared waiting to receive them. But an advance in great strength from Rustchuk on the Pyrgos bridge and the line of the Jantra, covered by a column from Rasgrad, would inevitably cause the withdrawal of the enemy, not only from the line Tirnova-Osman Bazar, but in all probability from the position held at the northern outlet of the Shipka Pass. The Turks are urged by every consideration to vigorous action on the side where Mehemet Ali commands. If he moves forward rapidly in concentrated force, he may be the means of introducing Suleiman Pasha upon the scene; and, were that general once outside the pass where he is blocked, the position of the Russians would be one of imminent peril. The Tirnova force could not be reinforced; the army of the Czarewitch would have enough to do to look out for itself; the army before Plevna has already a good deal on its hands, and probably could not detach a man. But if Mehemet Ali does not feel justified in risking a battle on a great scale, even the concentration of his large army and a menacing demonstration towards the line of the Jantra would almost certainly lead to the retreat of the Russians at the Shipka to avoid being cut off.

If strenuous action on the part of Mehemet Ali is called for in order to set free Suleiman, it is no less needed in order to disembarass Osman Pasha. The move of the latter on August 31 to Pelisat, which brought on an engagement, was doubtless in part dictated by the uneasiness he must feel on account of the situation in which he is placed. He sees plainly enough that the part Plevna has for some time held is nearly played out now that a Russo-Romanian force is inclining towards his rear. But he needs assistance; and that assistance has been till now denied him through the inaction, from whatever cause, of Mehemet Ali. We imagine that both these generals have been waiting for Suleiman to appear—not near the scene and in the Shipka, but on the Tirnova road; and, first, the unaccountable delay of that commander in the Tundja valley, then his failing to seize the Shipka outlet when it was comparatively unguarded, marred the combination. It is strange, however, that the movements which the two generals are now making were not begun before the failure of Suleiman was quite assured.

When both sides claim a victory, it is as well for onlookers to wait awhile before deciding which really had the advantage. It seemed odd that Osman Pasha, the moment after carrying off a great success, as he said he did at Pelisat on the 31st ult., should have returned and dated his despatch from Plevna ten miles in rear. But the capture of Lovatz by the Russians on September the 3rd confirms the impression which we derived from a comparison of conflicting telegrams, that the Turks obtained no more than a transient success; and that, in the end, their attack was beaten back with very considerable loss. It was the old and foolish and useless story of infantry advancing along a wide reach of open ground to assault infantry sheltered by "low banks," "in hollows," "in trenches," "among low brushwood," as the *Daily News* Correspondent describes the position held by the Russians. An almost equally astonishing part of Osman Pasha's proceedings was his making so serious an attack as he did with only a part of his force—a good deal less than a half. It is true he only terms the affair a reconnaissance in force. These kinds of reconnaissances are usually failures. If they are made for the sake of gaining information only, then force is not required. If they are intended for fighting also, they cease to be simple reconnaissances; and, these being made at a distance from the main body, when fighting does occur it frequently ends in an engagement on a great scale, and then the reconnoitring force is apt to find itself over-matched.

Osman Pasha's attack on Pelisat was the counterpart of that of Mehemet Ali on Kara Hassanlar. A small force was sent out by either general. The one succeeded in accomplishing all he could expect from the employment of so small a body; the other succeeded in showing that, had he used his considerable means, he might have perhaps done what a small body could not do. Of what use, we would ask, is a victory like that at Kara Hassanlar? of what use would twenty little successes of the kind be, unless they force the Russians to retreat from before Plevna, and from Shipka, and from the Lom line?—unless they force them to do this now? In ten, fifteen days, or less, it may be too late. Since the capture of Lovatz the position of Osman Pasha has become one of peril. Unless Mehemet Ali pushes forward energetically to take off the pressure from him, he may have to abandon Plevna, and the Russians will breathe freely again.

The capture of Lovatz by the Russians renders it more than ever imperative on Mehemet Ali that he should bestir himself—nay, more than this, that, bringing forward every available soldier, he should strive by sheer weight of numbers and energy of attack to throw the Russians opposed to him over the Jantra. Everything tends to show that the larger of the two Russian main armies is the one operating against Osman Pasha. And we are distinctly told by one of the Correspondents that troops had been withdrawn from the army of the Czarewitch—perhaps to replace those who were sent forward from Tirnova when Suleiman was advancing through the Shipka. The fierce onslaught on Lovatz would scarcely have been undertaken had not the Russians received considerable reinforcements; and among these we do not include the Roumanians. The Russians knew that at the time Pelisat was fought, viz. on the 31st of August, Osman Pasha disposed at Plevna of a far larger force than that which he despatched on a reconnaissance towards the former place. The

rebuff sustained there was not sufficiently grave to prevent him from moving forward again with a stronger force. How then could the Russians, unless they were in great strength, have ventured on delivering so serious a blow as that struck at Lovatz? The retention of the place would be most difficult if Osman Pasha is in condition to advance on the Tirnova road. But, if the Russians are in greater strength west of the Osma than has been generally inferred from their prolonged passive attitude, the seizure of Lovatz becomes a very serious matter for the Turks; for one reason that it interferes with their communications with Sofia by the best route; and, for another, that it indicates an intention on the part of the Russian commanders to try to surround the position of Plevna. If they have that intention, they probably think they have now sufficient force with which to attempt this.

Where is Suleiman Pasha? It does not in the least follow because he telegraphs from the Shipka Pass that therefore he is there in person. Neither does it follow that, because the Russians only distinguish Egyptians in their front, the Montenegrin veterans have been more than temporarily withdrawn. We know that Radetzky considered his position so assured that he was able to dispense with the larger part of the reinforcements from Tirnova. If that is the case, we may be sure that Suleiman Pasha has not been waiting in the pass doing nothing since the 28th of August but has been watching the enemy, daily making his position more secure. If he has marched round to join Osman Pasha, the capture of Lovatz will prevent his doing so by the most direct route. His arrival, however, in the vicinity of that place would compel the Russians who might be about to operate from there against the right rear of Osman Pasha to turn their attention to him. The arrival of Suleiman in any force would go far to neutralize the capture of Lovatz. But if Suleiman has gone by some route to the east of the Shipka and Hainkoi Passes to join Mehemet Ali, it will at once relieve the latter from all fear for his left flank, and he might expect little opposition on his way to Biela but what he had immediately in his front. Everything hinges, as we have said, on Mehemet Ali. Were he once arrived at Biela on the line of the Jantra, the situation of the Russians at the Shipka would be one of imminent peril; the capture of Lovatz would go for very little; and if Osman Pasha had hitherto been unable to make ground to the east, then would come his opportunity. The intelligence of every succeeding day only convinces us the more of the vast blunder some one is responsible for in committing Suleiman's fine army to the assault of inaccessible rocks. One has but to look at the map to perceive the advantages the Turks would have derived had Suleiman's army, after clearing the country south of the Balkans, been directed on Lovatz, or by the Iron Gate on the Bebrova-Tirnova road. Whatever successes the Turks may yet achieve, it is improbable that they will be due to the combinations of three semi-independent Commanders-in-Chief.

CHEAP SUBSTITUTES.

THE Platonists used to hold that we live in a world of shadows and reflections, and they were persuaded that success in life meant a return to the home of realities. It was not very clear where the realities were to be found, or how they were to be reached. One mystic was famous for having hit on a kind of short cut or private way of his own; but to ordinary mortals the road to real existence remained no thoroughfare. Giordano Bruno was perhaps the first thinker who was bold enough to assert that the shadows among which we dwell are very substantial and comfortable shadows, and quite good enough for a contented philosopher. It may be that, by an unconscious extension of his theory, people have come to believe that everything in this world of ours is, not too fleeting, feeble, and evanescent, but too coarsely real, too intolerably permanent. The industry of our time shows the prevalence of this belief by its laudable and unwearied efforts to provide frugal imitations of everything by which men live. The Platonists would have deserted the actual wine and oil, the gold and bronze and woven raiment of their tangible world, for the truly real metals and products, the patterns laid up in heaven, of which the earthly examples are only the feeble copies. Modern commercial idealism asks us, on the other hand, to turn our backs on the too grossly natural things, and to choose existence in an environment of cheap "substitutes for family use."

The chief advantage, perhaps the only advantage, of the new commercial idealism is the easiness of its application to life. It used to be hard for the earnest-minded man, with the best intentions in the world, to know what his masters expected him to do. If he treated his vile body ever so harshly, even in the last resort he had to be content with bread that might be corrupted, with perishable water, with a tub no more real, in the long run, than a comfortable set of rooms. There was no getting into the region of reality, except in visionary contemplation; but it is the easiest thing in the world to get into the region of cheap imitations. The modern idealist who finds stones and bricks too harshly genuine need not pine long for more evanescent materials. He can easily get a builder, a true and logical speculator in his peculiar way, to "run up" some edifice in which a cheap liquid substitute for bricks and mortar is turned out of an Elizabethan mould, like a decorative jelly. The poet sang how "casual bricks in airy climb encountered casual mortar, casual lime," but even the most casual representatives of

these commodities can be dispensed with by a man who earnestly seeks to live the new life. When his substitute for a house has been turned out, has had some weeks to dry, and is roofed with an excellent substitute for slates, he naturally furnishes it with columns covered with marble paper, and with curtains of Japanese paper. The roofs and doors are stained so as to present a touching likeness to the oak of ages and cabinet-makers that were coarsely real. The meals of the family may be brought into harmony with everything that surrounds them. They can have concoctions which a little hot water turns into colourable imitations of coffee and cheap substitutes for chocolate. In marmalade composed of turnips and carrots they are assured that they will find an excellent substitute for butter, which itself is a substitute made out of unknown materials. There are ways of making omelettes and pancakes without eggs, and various small fishes may be turned into something you would hardly know from sardines. Mock turtle, of course, has long ago driven real turtle out of the visionary field of domestic cookery. Soups which are bought in tins, and need nothing but the addition of a little hot water (tepid water is a convenient and favourite substitute for the old-fashioned boiling element), make a grateful introduction to dinner. They taste a little of Civil Service Stores and a good deal of tin and varnish; but that flavour may be partly due to the spoons, which are made of the newest substitute for silver. With wax flowers for decorations the table may be made to look quite pretty; and the modern idealist gazes round with content as he tries the most recent experiment in potted meat from Madagascar, or in home-bred beef fed on a fresh and hopeful substitute for linseed. The claret is of the famous Château — vintage; the sherry is extracted from the remnant of the potatoes which the ravaging beetle has spared. Probably some substitute for potato juice will be invented if the emigrant from Colorado is really destructive, and we may drink yam juice, or some concoction of betel-nut, in the guise of sherry, before the end of the century. In education the modern idealist finds it easy to satisfy himself. He can send his children to nothing less than an International Academy, where the head-master has a beautiful foreign substitute for a degree, and where the boys will get a great deal of good from the society of young Japanese and Bulgarian pupils, whose manners are in many respects unlike our own. When it comes to religion, the sermons of a popular parson will supply Sunday substitutes for halfpenny newspapers, and for the articles in third-rate magazines. As he leaves the imitation Gothic building, decorated with the latest substitute for fresco, and parti-coloured with Munich glass, the modern idealist may congratulate himself on having reached a steady excellence of life on his own system. His practice has not fallen short of his profession; he has constructed, in the midst of the real world, a complete environment of fragile imitations, of third-hand copies. If he has a taste for art, he can go home and study a large collection of those marvellous line engravings which an ingenious system puts within the reach of the owner of half-a-crown. If he is fond of literature, and somewhat of a bookworm, he has the range of a large library of substitutes for knowledge. He can study some of those imitations of ancient classics for family use which are put into the hands of the English reader, and there are hundreds of Primers on every theme, from the principles of Cooking to those of Physical Geography. The knowledge packed in primers is the tinned meat of the intellectual life, and has almost taken the place of the fresh preparations which can only be attained by the aid of grammar and dictionary. Thus, in most ways, the modern idealist succeeds in living about six removes further from reality than any of his predecessors. No one can bring against him the reproach of Gorgibus, that he has "la forme enfoncée dans la matière." His very raiment is woven on no loom, and comes from the hand of no weaver, but is a boiled-up, shoddy imitation of the gross material cloth of times past.

Lively dislikes and intellectual hatreds are the signs of healthy and active states of thought. Thus, when theology was the most vivacious study that occupied men, theological rivalries were as bitter as scientific rivalry is to-day. In the region of social philosophies, the vitality of the modern idealism is attested by the hatred which the modern materialist bears to the system. For the purposes of commercial thought the materialist may be defined as the man who insists on having a genuine article. To find sand in his sugar fills him with none of the holy visions as to a paradise of free competition in which the idealist is able to revel. Silk that turns greasy in a fortnight makes the materialist savage, instead of leading him to rejoice that at last the "mystery of matter" has been solved, and an escape from sensuous realities into the shadowy and evanescent existence discovered. For these reasons materialists and idealists can scarcely have any dealings, any more than the Jews and the Samaritans. They cannot ask each other to dinner, for the materialist is no more prepared to drink the ideal claret and eat the ideal soup than to read the idealist's little book of poems, "The Loves of Pulvis and Umbra," or some such thing. He is not "half sick of shadows," like the Lady of Shalott, but wholly and utterly tired of them. Thus members of the two sects rarely meet, or know each other at home. But there are ways in which the idealist can get at and annoy his opponent. One of them is by the use of cheap domestic and public substitutes for wit and humour. The friend of easy imitations, though he cannot for the life of him endure or attain to the substance, clings tenaciously to the shadow. This is always painfully apparent in the case of substitutes for fun. A man of sense or wit, if he has nothing to say, holds his tongue; but your idealist, of a certain order, must always be imitating the

clown. Hence arise the substitutes for humour which we can never altogether escape. In writing, the imitation takes the shape of using long words, in a roundabout way, about the simplest things in the world. Thus, in place of saying that the women of a village gossiped about a marriage, the American humourist will write that they "canvassed the probabilities of the match quite exhaustively." Instead of proving anything, you "substantiate an opinion," and so forth. To make blunders in spelling is also a cheap substitute for humour which has almost ceased to amuse. Perhaps the remote imitation of fun which some writers discover in the employment of scientific terms will soon go the way of aluminium jewelry. But the joker of this sort is not concerned, of course, about the permanence of the effect he produces. His content with his own efforts is like that of the wit who is satisfied when he has transposed the initial letters of words—has spoken, for example, of a "chutton mop." It used to be said that this was the only form of humour understood by the undergraduates of one of the Universities. But undergraduate wit, like that of shopboys, is often supplied ready-made by the music-halls. Every few weeks some new street yelp is invented, and eagerly taken up as a substitute for wit by the class that enjoys these things. Year by year the jests seem to grow more absolutely senseless, and therefore cheaper and of more universal application. Sometimes, perhaps, inquiries about "poor feet" may have had a kind of point. Now and then Tommy may have been seasonably asked to make room for his uncle in the form which Mr. Browning has fixed in his own inexpensive substitute for satire. But it is difficult to understand what fun there ever can have been, or ever may be, in shouting out the imbecile cry which has lately crept from some music-hall into the streets, and thence into country villages. How are we to explain all these idiotic vagaries, except by the theory that man inherits a great many needs, as of amusement, teaching, eating and drinking, and so on, while he has become too lazy and careless to create or appropriate the genuine material that should supply his defect? For entertainment he has classical burlesques like that of *La Belle Hélène*, which the Athenians, a more natural people, lately hooted from their stage. For food and drink he has a hundred scientific nastinesses, and very necessity prevents him from drinking plain water. For theology he has "modern symposia," a new and favourite substitute for discussion. For statesmanship he has the equilibrium produced by two directly opposite currents of the popular breeze. For wit he has slang, for sport he has *battues*; altogether he has created a new kind of ideal world exceedingly strange and flimsy. This is the end of all that poets and philosophers have sung and sighed about the vanity of life, about "the handful of sliding sand, from under the feet of the years." In the hurry and crowd we have been so anxious that no one should go away without his share in the equal feast, that we have spread a banquet of pasteboard goblets, and wooden fruit, and mock legs of mutton. The likeness of all the world to a stage has insensibly grown greater, and we are obliged to be content with the tinsel crowns and the spurious purple. All the houses are founded on the crumbling sand, where it is thought worth while to have foundations at all—things which the architect employed by Balzac held to be superfluous, with sad results. It is scarcely odd that pessimism is a fashionable philosophy, and that affected sages of eighteen are heard to declare that life is too long for enjoyment. It is certainly enduring out of all proportions to the stage properties which are now used in the farce.

THE WHEAT CROP.

NO one who is in the smallest degree observant of times and seasons can be surprised at, or unprepared for, the announcement that the wheat crop of the United Kingdom is a bad one, probably a very bad one; for it is bad in quality, bad in yield, and short in acreage; and probably a very large proportion of it will not be fit for consumption until it shall have been hardened by the frosts of winter, or by the searching keenness of the winds of March. Even when all hope or chance of a good crop is irretrievably lost by the rotting of the seed in a too sodden bed, or by exposure of the young plant to the severity of a hard winter, or, to what is more trying, the alternations of frost and thaw, it often happens that the genial sunshine of the succeeding spring and summer raises delusive expectations in the popular mind; but in this year those must indeed be few who, remembering the continuous rains of winter, the late frosts of the spring, the low temperature of the summer, and the broken weather of the harvest month of August, can have expected anything but a bad wheat crop in this country. From first to last there can have been little room for doubt or error of judgment; the weather has been all that could be undesirable for the production of a good crop of corn. The harvest was so late in beginning, and has been so protracted by bad weather and low temperature, that even at this late period it is impossible to offer any estimate of the crop that may not require qualification to some extent at a later date. It would be necessary to go back for many years to find a season in which the garnering of the corn was so incomplete as it now is in this first week of September. It would be difficult to name a year in which so little wheat of the new native crop has gone into consumption as in this year in the month of August, or indeed up to this time. It is probable that in the past month a larger quantity of American wheat of the 1877 crop has been eaten in England than there

has been of new English wheat; and if the railway riots in the United States had not impeded the movement of the produce, the probability is that the arrivals of it in our ports by this time would have been very large, while the new English grain has scarcely yet made its appearance in all our markets. That in the district to the south of a line drawn from London to the Bristol Channel, at least one-third of the wheat crop should either be uncut, or, if cut, standing in the fields; that from thence to the Trent a very small fraction of the crop should have been secured; and that to the north of the Trent the harvest should be practically not begun at the end of the month of August, are facts almost, if not quite, without parallel since the general adoption of the use of machinery has so greatly expedited harvest operations. From the frequency of the showers that have fallen, people have not without foundation expected that the grain would have sprouted, and so have become in a greater or less degree unfit for human food; but the fact is that the grain was so unripe, and the temperature generally has been so low, that the germs have not started into growth so generally as might have been calculated upon. Yet this does but prove that the grain is still, for want of heat, in a very immature state, and that consequently when it comes to be converted into bread the product will be poor in quantity of bread as well as in nutritive elements. The later the season, proverbially the less is the chance of good results; and we have now arrived at the period when, however warm the days, the nights are cool and dews are heavy; so that, even should the rains have ceased, it cannot be expected that the grain will ever arrive at that dry hard state which is indicative of good quality. Even much that has been put into rick was carried hurriedly and long before it was fit to be housed. A small quantity in early districts was saved in good order, but the proportion of this to the whole crop is very minute. Much of the crop from weakness of the straw was "laid" before the complete development of the berry, and such fields yield but lanky thin grain, instead of good plump corn. From what we have said the conclusion that the crop is bad as regards its quality is obvious; and its badness will consist partly in its unripeness, partly in its dampness, the result being a thick skin, a low percentage of flour, and that flour containing too much water, too much starch, and too little gluten.

A crop of bad quality seldom gives the compensation of a large yield per acre, and the wheat crop of 1877 affords no exception to the general rule. The testimony of all the newspapers that give special attention to farming topics is unanimous and distinct in the assertion that the yield per acre of wheat is below an average; and that the failure is not partial but general appears to be very clear from the summary of the reports of its many correspondents given in the *Agricultural Gazette*, in these words:—"Of 312 reports of the current wheat harvest sent to us during the past few days by correspondents all over the island, all of whom are engaged in either cutting their own corn or watching it ripening or spoiling, as the case may be, no fewer than 224 declare it to be below an average. This is a poorer account than ever before appeared of the wheat crop in the *Agricultural Gazette*, which is now thirty-four years old. In only eleven cases out of the whole of these returns have we had the crop reported as being over average; about a quarter of them pronounce it average, and nearly three-quarters put it under average." This is truly a melancholy account, leaving open for solution only the question what the exact extent of the deficiency may be. While so much of the crop remains ungathered, and so little has been threshed, it is manifestly impossible to give any answer of value to this question, as the deficiency can be ascertained even approximately only by the test of extensive threshing. Suffice it to say that rumours vary enormously as to the extent of the mischief; for, while some instances are given of only half a crop being taken to market, other cases are quoted where the deficiency has not exceeded one-sixth or one-tenth part of an average yield. The best wheat lands, however, appear to be worse off than light porous soils, as indeed might have been expected from the nature of the season. The next element in the calculation of the total yield of the crop is the acreage. And here it is right to acknowledge the activity of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade in obtaining and publishing the summary of the *Agricultural Returns* at so early a date as the 17th of August. This early publication gives the returns great additional value and usefulness. From them we find that the area under wheat, though nearly six per cent. in advance of that under this staple in 1876, is still about ten per cent. below the average of a series of previous years. It is probable that the decline in the area of land planted with wheat will be steady, for the painful experience of a series of years has shown that our farmers cannot without loss produce wheat at the prices accepted by the foreign grower. The stipulation generally made in agreements for letting farms that pasture land should not be ploughed up has become obsolete, as the tendency now is to lay down new pastures rather than to plough up old ones, as being the more profitable mode of employing the land. Enough has been said to show that the wheat crop of 1877 is one of the worst ever grown in the United Kingdom, the acreage being small, the yield small, the quality bad, and the condition so damp that the bulk of it will not be available for consumption until after the winter. In addition to all other troubles which go to make up the "bad times" from which the industry of the country is suffering, it is disheartening to be obliged to recognize and acknowledge the further disaster that our chief grain crop is probably, with regard to the quantity and quality of bread that it will render, one of the worst within living memory.

Ten years ago the mere probability of the crop being defective to so great an extent would have caused a prompt and serious advance in the price of wheat. Under existing circumstances, that the current values are moderate, that the stocks in granary of foreign wheat are not heavy, that the quantity at sea bound for England is small, that the last crop is exhausted, and that we are deprived by the Turkish blockade and the Russian occupation of the Danubian provinces of the large supplies which usually flow into our ports from the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, it might well have been expected that a large and rapid rise in the price of wheat would have occurred. The development, however, of the cultivation of wheat in various parts of the world, notably in the United States of America, has been so rapid and so great in the interval, and the harvest in the States having their outlets on the Atlantic seaboard is described as being this year so extremely bountiful, that any apprehensions as to the occurrence of scarcity, or indeed as to our being forced to pay high rates for our needed imports, are at present, to judge from the reports of the corn markets, almost absent from the minds of our merchants. It has now indeed come to be a matter of universal experience that the failure of a local crop of wheat, such as that of these islands, is of only secondary influence on the ruling values of the year. Railways and other means of communication between the interiors and the ports of producing countries have been steadily increasing, and ocean steamships are now so universally employed that the deficiencies of any country whose harvest has failed are provided for almost as soon as they are ascertained, by the rapid conveyance to them of the surplus of more favoured lands. Merchants have therefore, in making their speculations, to look far afield, and to base their calculations on nothing short of an estimate of the crops of the world. Very high prices need be feared only in the case of an almost universal failure. As instances of the facility of communication by sea, countries so distant as our colonies at the Antipodes send us regular and important supplies, while every one is familiar with the long railway journeys by which America brings her produce to our ships. The most remarkable feature of the last few years is the increasing quantity of wheat shipped to England by India. Mr. Crawford, the Chairman of the East Indian Railway Company, at the annual meeting of the Company in July, told the proprietors that he estimated that the export of wheat for this year would hardly be less than 1½ million quarters; and in a later passage of his speech he indicated the opinion that the export may hereafter assume indefinitely greater proportions. He supposed that the 800,000 quarters which left Calcutta last year were the produce of some 300,000 acres, and asked, "What are 300,000 acres when you measure the whole cultivation of Upper India?" He found that a considerable quantity came from a station so far south as Rajgown, and that the principal supplies which came on his line are from Cawnpore and Delhi; Cawnpore being 684 and Delhi 912 miles from Calcutta, the port of shipment. He also pointed out how much the public in England are indebted to the Suez Canal for the supply of Indian wheat; for when wheat was shipped to go round by the Cape, it was often rendered unfit for use on arrival by the generation of weevils and other insects which took place on the long voyage. We may rest assured that our wants have but to be made known and production will keep pace with them.

What, then, is the yield of the world's harvest this year? On the whole, it must be pronounced to be a good one. There can be little reason to doubt that the United States are gathering in the largest crop of the best quality that has ever been produced in those vast regions. Their own estimate is that they have a surplus nearly enough to supply all our needs, and the Americans give good earnest of their belief by depressing our markets with the quantity and low price of their produce. But America has been frequently deceived herself in this matter; and there may be exaggeration in the estimate this year. Egypt has an abundant crop, and is rapidly turning it into money. Austria and Hungary have a considerable surplus to spare. Russia is said to have a more abundant crop than she has reaped for years; but, as her ports on the South are closed, only so much of this can be exported as can be sent to the Baltic, or by railways through Germany. France and Belgium, however, have poor crops this year, and instead of sending to us will be competitors with us for the American and Hungarian surplus. There can be little doubt that, if the Russian supplies were liberated, the competition of America and Russia would reduce values. It is perhaps for that reason that America, seeing her opportunity, is selling all she can while Russia is almost shut up. The American factories which have supplied the Turks with the rifles that have done them such good service have played the best possible game for the American farmers, who could well afford to pay for all the rifles that have been sent to Turkey out of the difference in price which they are obtaining for their wheat above what they would have got had the Black Sea been open. It is clear, we think, that the world's crop is sufficient for the needs of all, and that, if our traders can but keep themselves from the panic and alarm which the disastrously bad crop of England may, with reason, occasion, although we shall have to pay more for our loaf than the average price of the last cereal year, yet the present ruling prices are nearly high enough to attract sufficient supplies to our shores. It must not be forgotten, however, that the failure of our potato crop will cause a large extra demand for bread.

CORINTH.

THUS far on our Hellenic journey we have been able to contrast cities which were swept away for ever in days which we call ancient with cities which have kept on an uninterrupted being to our own day. The city of the two seas, the city which guards the Isthmus, the city beside whose hill-fortresses all rival hill-fortresses seem as molehills, has a history which is unlike either, a history which, among the great cities of Greece, is wholly her own. And, as none of the great cities of Greece has seen such ups and downs of fortune as Corinth, no none has won for itself a more varied fame. There is no Greek city whose name has entered into more familiar sayings; it even sank to be a kind of byword in very modern times. Holding, never a first, but always a high secondary place, alike in Grecian legend and in the most brilliant times of Grecian history, Corinth came to be the centre of all Grecian history in the days of the second birth of Grecian freedom; it was swept from the earth by Roman vengeance as none other of the great Grecian cities ever was; it arose afresh as a Roman colony, again under the influence of sky and soil to change into a Greek city; it kept on its Greek character through the ages of Slavonic invasion, to become one of the points most fiercely struggled for in the warfare of Turk and Venetian, to be taken and retaken by the patriots and the oppressors of yet later warfare. And now, after so long and so busy a life, after the endurance of so many blows at the hand of man, the last blow has been dealt by the hand of nature. The last of many earthquakes has sealed the doom of Corinth yet more effectually than it was sealed when Mummius swept it with the besom of destruction. Mummius simply destroyed, and what Mummius destroyed Cæsar could restore. But the last overthrow of Corinth has given her a neighbour and a rival. Old Corinth is forsaken; New Corinth has sprung up by the shore. New Corinth may well grow, and she may have ages of prosperity in store for her. But while New Corinth grows and flourishes by the shore, the only chance for Old Corinth at the foot of the mountain is that New Corinth may grow to such a degree as some day to annex the venerable site as one of its suburbs.

Those who believe in Semitic or other foreign settlements in Greece are apt, though they have no legend like those of Pelops or Kekrops to help them, to quarter a Phœnician settlement on Akrokorinthos. A name or two is all that they have to show, and a hill called *Φαικικαὸν*, and an *Ἀθήνη Φαικική* do not prove much. No site can be more thoroughly Greek; the hill-top, near the sea, but not on it, is the ideal position for a Greek coast town of the earliest type; and at Corinth we have the mightiest of hill-tops, near but not on, not one sea only, but two. It is the central point of Hellas, looking all ways, commanding her coasts and her mountains on every side. Its earliest name of Ephyré is one scattered over many sites of central and northern Greece, from Argolis and Sikyonia to Thessaly and Thesprotia. Semitic elements may have mingled with the local worship of Aphrodité without supplanting any Semitic occupation. Corinth traded with all the world, and she may have learned many things from Phœnician visitors without Phœnician settlers ever occupying her soil. The most Hellenic in its position of all Hellenic cities cannot be given up to the barbarian. Instead of a Phœnician origin, the votaries of the East must be satisfied with the most striking of Phœnician analogies. If Corinth and Carthage were not sisters in origin, they were at least sisters in destiny. They perished together, and they rose again together, if the foundation of the Roman colony can be called a rising again of either the Greek or the Phœnician city.

The old memories of far-distant Poseidonia come again on the mind—not unfittingly in a place where Poseidón was so highly honoured—when we look on the one surviving building of the lower city. Old Corinth is now a mere village of a few houses. A few memorials of Roman times are there; but, as at Poseidonia, they have to be looked for. The one ancient building which strikes the eye and gives a character to the place is the shattered temple, where seven columns still stand in all the stern majesty of the earliest and severest Doric. Corinth gives her name to the latest, the richest, the most graceful form of the architecture of Greece. But her one surviving relic is, of all buildings on old Hellenic soil, the one which is furthest removed from the character of her own order. The birthplace, so men deemed, of painting, one of the chosen seats of sculpture, a city crowded with splendid temples of later date, has now nothing to show but these half-fallen columns, carrying us back to the earliest days of the historical being of the city. Young as they seem beside the gates and vanished columns of Mykéné, the Parthenón is young beside them. They carry us back to the days of Bacchiads and Kypselids, the days when Corinth was the mistress of the Western seas, and sent forth her colonists and her artists to follow on the peninsula of Korkyra the models which she had reared at the foot of her own guardian mountain.

The columns stand over the modern village, over a site almost as desolate as that over which they must have stood in the hundred years between Mummius and Cæsar. The other fragments, Greek and Roman, hardly come into the view. But the lower city is not the true Corinth. It is the mountain citadel round which the great associations of the city gather. As we look on from far, as we climb up its steep sides, we think of the two great moments of its deliverance, the day

When first Timoleon's brother bled,

and the night when Aratos, in his earlier and nobler days, climbed

up that steep in the teeth of Macedonian guards and baying dogs, and made Corinth once more a free Hellenic city. We picture him the next morning in the *agoré*, leaning wearied on his spear, and telling to the citizens whom he had delivered the tale of the night's work which had made them free. And with such a scene before us, we are not tempted to dwell on the darker day when the deliverer undid his own work, when, rather than divide the possession of Peloponnésos with a Spartan rival, he could give back the mount of Corinth to a Macedonian lord. High indeed the mount soars above the city, as high above the Larissa of Argos as the Larissa of Argos soars above the little hill of Tiryns. Stern and bare it rises above the city; stern and bare it rises above the open land on either side. But where the mountain sinks more gently towards the lesser height on its Sikyonian side, we may climb the winding path; we may enter the gateway of the forsaken fortress; and here indeed we find the history of Corinth, the history of Hellas, written legibly in stone. The fortress which, but fifty-five years back, was so fiercely disputed between the men of the land and their barbarian masters is now a fortress only in name. The warder keeps the gate; but he keeps it only as a form. The walls shelter only ruins. But they are ruins which tell their tale, fragments which tell how

Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth.

Every age, from the earliest to the latest, has left its living and speaking memorials on that memorable hill, and no classical barbarian has yet taken in hand the cruel work of wiping out that long and wondrous history. Here, in the very gateway, is a primeval wall, reared, it may well be, before Corinth was Dorian, a wall of stones such as Corinth's own Sisyphos might have been set to roll up the mountain-side. Hard by is an arch of the thirteenth century of our era, an arch, not of Venetian, but of genuine French work, work of the days when there were Latin Princes of Achaia and Latin Emperors of the New Rome. We pass on among the fortifications, the dwellings, the temples, of all the creeds and races which Corinth has seen as citizens or as masters. Here is work of Hellenic days, of days when Corinth sent forth her colonies on her one sea and met the Persian in arms on the other. Here are traces of the temples of the Roman colony, traces of the Corinth where Paul taught and which Alaric entered as the first armed disciple of Paul's teaching. Here is the Byzantine church, witness of the long years when Corinth stood as an outpost of Christendom in one age against the heathen Slave, in another against the Mahometan Turk. Here is the Turkish mosque, the Turkish dwelling, telling of the long struggle when the Turk wrested the fortress from the Greek, when the Venetian wrested it back from the Turk, when the Turk wrested it once more from the Venetian, till the happier day when the fetter of Hellas, the horn of Peloponnésos, again passed into the hands of her sons. All are in ruins, all are fittingly in ruins, seeing that all are memorials of powers which have passed away. But as ruins let them be guarded and revered, as ruins which tell their tale, the tale of Corinthian and Hellenic history. The blind fury of the destroyer has decreed that the history of Athens shall no longer be read on the akropolis of Athens. Let Corinth harbour no such enemies. Let not a wall be touched, let not a stone be swept away, which still lives to tell how many times and by how many hands

Was Corinth lost and won.

The ascent is long; to any but the young and active or else the practised mountaineer it is toilsome. But the toil is broken by the relics on which we stop to gaze on our path; it is repaid by the mighty landscapes on which we gaze. It is not too much to say that we look on Hellas from its centre. The small ruined church on the height brings Akrokorinthos within the company of the sacred hills of Christendom, the hills where a sanctuary on the height looks down on town or city at its feet. Cashel has been seized by another hand as a parallel to the akropolis of Athens; a miniature more like the model is found in our own island, where the Tor of Glastonbury looks down on the battle-fields of Western England. Nearer in size however, in the mountain fittings of the landscape, are the twin hills of Sitten. But the giant Alps which fence in the Rhone valley of themselves hinder the varied prospect of mountain and plain and sea and island which meets us from the hill of Corinth. The lowlier English height really comes nearer, both in effect and in historic sentiment, to the central citadel of Hellas. If the Sugar-loaf, as we prosaically call it—the Pen-y-val of its own people—which so proudly guards the entrance to the Usk valley, had the castle and church of Abergavenny on its summit instead of at its foot, we should have a nearer approach than all to Akrokorinthos, though it would be Akrokorinthos without its seas. But without the seas there could be no Corinth, there could be no Hellas. The point where the Eastern and Western seas most nearly touch is in truth the centre, the keystone, as the poet puts it, of the whole peninsular land south of Olympus. From the citadel of Corinth, if all Hellas does not itself lie within our sight, yet all Hellas lies within sight, as it were, by representation. Peloponnésos and Attica, the land north and south of the gulf, the shores of the two great confederacies, the mountains of Arkadia and of Phókis, and the snowy head of Aitolian Korax, stand there as if to speak of the lands north and south of them. And if the Western islands, once the special scene of Corinthian enterprise and Corinthian dominion, are beyond our sight, we may pass on to them in thought along the gulf over which the triremes of Corinth were rowed to their first sea-fight with

revolted Korkyra. The eastern sea opens to the right, and the curved shore of Salamis speaks of the nobler warfare where Corinth joined with Athens and with Aigina to beat back the invading lord of Asia. At some favourable moment the eye may even catch the pillared steep of the akropolis of Athens, that Athens which Corinth once hoped to see turned into a sheep-walk, but whose help she was so soon to crave against the very Sparta which held back her destroying hand. From that height the Isthmus seems but a flat plain between the two seas—the Isthmus so often fortified, so often stormed by successive invaders. By that narrow neck Agésilas and Antigonos, Mummius and Alaric, James of Avesnes and Francesco Morosini, Amurath and Mahomet and Ali Koumourgi have all made their way into the peninsula. But in all that long history there are two days, not far apart in so long a tale, which stand out conspicuously above all. There is the day of the Roman deliverer and the day of the Roman destroyer, the day of Flamininus and the day of Mummius. Not that it was the freedom of Greece which Flamininus proclaimed in the *agoré* of Corinth; such a proclamation would have been an insult to the allies of Rome and to all those Greek states which in name at least kept their freedom then and for ages after. But he proclaimed the freedom of Corinth, the freedom of all the Greek lands which the last Philip held in bondage. Fifty years later Corinth was swept from the earth; but let no man deem that even then Achaia became a Roman province. Corinth fell, Corinth rose again, to live a longer and a more varied life as the foundation of Cæsar than as the foundation of Alétés. And those seven aged columns have stood and looked on all these changes; they beheld the reign of Periandros; they have lived to behold the reign of George of Denmark.

The Akrokorinthos is a mountain covered with ruins; the lower city has sunk to a small village. A few houses are all that remain of that busy meeting-place of two worlds; the shattered temple alone speaks of the creeds that are fallen; one mean church and another small chapel are all that are there to tell of the church which an Apostle founded. Yet the single priest of Corinth and his small flock may boast themselves that they have two epistles of the New Testament all their own, a privilege of which those few Christian households may seem more worthy than the mixed multitude of the modern Thessalonians. A night may be spent in Corinth, and that unharmed by the enemies on whom the comic poet of Athens has so grotesquely bestowed the Corinthian name. There is no fear of the *δημαρχος ἐκ τῶν στρατῶν*—no fear that the traveller may have to cry *ἐξείρηναι* of Koriñthos. But in Greece all animals seem to send forth louder and clearer notes than in other parts of the world; and in Corinth, the centre of Greece, they seem, though it may be merely fancy, to be louder and shriller than in the rest of Greece. A poet more recent than he whom we have so often quoted has sung of

The deep grey of the morning, when Bulgarian cocks are shrill.

Of the vocal powers of Bulgarian cocks we can say nothing; but there must just now be many witnesses either to confirm or to correct the poet's description. But in the solitude of modern Corinth the few voices that are heard, whether of man or beast or fowl, seem certainly to sound louder and shriller even than in Athens itself. Aphrodité had one of her special homes in Corinth, though the seven massive columns are said to belong, as surely they ought to belong, to her greater sister Athené. But the bird who once played Aphrodité so sorry a trick, and the beast which carried Dionysos and Xanthias on their journey to the lower world, call us betimes, with a power of voice which surely no Bulgarian cock could surpass, to make our way, not to Kenchreai, but to its modern substitute Kalamaki—thence once more to draw near to Athens, this time by way of the shore of Megara and of her own Salamis.

LIVE LIONS.

IT has been often asserted that the art of writing biography is one of peculiar difficulty. The distortion of facts by time or prejudice, the different aspects which individual actions and general character may assume when looked at from various points of view, the not too easy duty of discriminating between important and unimportant attributes, and of deciding what to bring forward and what to put aside, have all been held to throw stumbling-blocks of unusual magnitude in the way of him who would hand down to posterity the account of another man's life and nature. In the case of autobiographies of great men there is of course a presumption that the facts may be more correctly stated; but there is also the danger that some facts may be suppressed which should have been put forward. We live, however, in an age of progress, and the first improvement made in dealing with the troubles which used to beset the biographer was collecting rolls of information concerning the doings of eminent men, and keeping them ready to be published immediately on the death of the people they related to. About this proceeding there is perhaps a certain ghostliness which is avoided by the newer method of publishing such information as can be collected concerning interesting personages while they are yet alive—a method which seems to realize the old showman's phrase of "the live lion stuffed with straw." And no doubt such an exhibition is more gratifying to many spectators than that of an ordinary stuffed animal could be. The first question which a child asks about a new toy representing any beast, bird, or fish, is "Is it alive?" and the announcement that it is not

usually causes some disappointment. And it is natural that the grown-up child should be better pleased at receiving information which enables him to talk in the present tense of the habits and history of celebrities than at being told of them when they can only be referred to in the past. The most delightful thing of all is of course to become personally acquainted with the lion; but we have not all the courage, skill, or time necessary for lion-hunting, and the next privilege to that of being ourselves concerned in the chase is hearing its details at first hand from the lion-hunters. An unscrupulous person may, under present circumstances, obtain all the glory that comes from having penetrated into the lion's lair without having in reality approached it, if he will study closely the reports of those who have performed this feat, or who seem to him to have done so. For it may be observed that a further degree of assurance and unscrupulousness will enable an ingenious stuffer to turn out a very fair live lion with comparatively little trouble. There is always plenty of straw to be found collected at street corners, and when a sufficient quantity has been got together, it is only necessary to find a skin which shall be decently like the real thing. It would seem, however, that in most cases the lions are ready enough to become in a manner their own historians, by communicating an account of themselves to the "gentlemen of the press," who have lately discovered a new field for their talents in the practice, borrowed from the other side of the Atlantic, of "interviewing" celebrities in the flesh. Thus the new fashion has a double advantage; it blesses him that gives and him that takes. The giver is as much flattered at the desire manifested to know all about him as the taker is gratified by having knowledge of a peculiarly interesting kind supplied to him. The living subject of a biographical sketch may also, no doubt, derive some enjoyment from information about himself which he can scarcely have been the means of imparting.

Thus it may possibly be a source of pleasure to Mr. Tom Taylor, who has lately been immortalized in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, to find that, "Without being aware of his antecedents, you would not say that anything bordering on half a century was the span of his life altogether"; and to read a detailed description of his "bold and elastic gait," his "shrewd intelligent eye," and his "bushy hair and ample beard." The article from which we quote has an advantage over others of its kind which appear in London journals in that it contains incidents, not only in Mr. Tom Taylor's life, but in that of his biographer also. It is truly delightful to read how this gifted writer, after playing Doctor O'Toole in some private theatricals in which Mr. Tom Taylor was also concerned, "was hoisted on the top of an empty beer-barrel in tights and black-silk stockings to dance an Irish jig, which I did to the music of my own fiddle, without any help or interference on the part of our little orchestra." And one can, of course, sympathize with "the most inextinguishable laughter" which we are told arose when some one kicked away the barrel. It is no wonder that "the finest tact" was required at Mr. Tom Taylor's hands to bring "the performance to an end without another hitch" after this original incident. "From Mr. Taylor's doings on the stage," continues the writer presently, "where he has won not only the reputation of being one of the best private theatricals (*sic*) in his day, but of having run, in some instances, professional eminence very closely, we naturally digress to his higher triumphs, as a distinguished writer of the drama itself." In another part of the article it is said that there is a hero in Irish history called Con of the Hundred Battles, every one of which was a victory, and that "Taylor's biographer can speak with equal confidence of Tom of the Hundred Dramas, not one of which was a failure or a bad one." This is a somewhat bold statement, which the writer is not at any pains to support by any evidence better than that afforded by quoting a list of Mr. Tom Taylor's plays, of one of which he says in a burst of enthusiasm, "It has not only brought balm to the disconsolate and given courage to the outcast to regain an honest position once more, and at last, but there are authenticated instances where it has stirred up the consciences of guilty and as yet undiscovered culprits to restore stolen property." During the run of the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, the piece referred to, there was a story, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt, and of which the most was made by way of advertisement at the time, that a young man who had embezzled some money returned it after seeing this play; and whoever invents or even adapts a play which produces such an effect as this no doubt deserves credit for it. There is little reason perhaps to quarrel with Mr. Tom Taylor's biographer for his piece of bombast about "balm being brought to the disconsolate" by Mr. Taylor's pieces; but he goes a little beyond his tether when he asserts that the same author's dramas in blank verse "rise to the height of the noble school of the historic drama, consecrated by the genius of our own Shakespeare, and illustrated by the most classic French dramatists of the last century." A volume of Mr. Tom Taylor's "Historical Dramas" has lately been published, and people who are curious can easily inquire into the justness of the suggested comparison for themselves. Probably no one will be likely to deny that many of Mr. Tom Taylor's dramas are distinguished by the author's keen eye for stage effect, skilful weaving together of incident, and talent in writing dialogue which carries on the action of the piece without ever distracting the attention by too great brilliancy. But these qualities are scarcely enough to make their possessor a worthy successor to Shakespeare, or even to "the most classic French dramatists of the last century." Precisely the quality which is, to our thinking, wanting in all Mr. Tom Taylor's pieces, whether

in the form of verse or prose, is poetical instinct and expression. The charge of want of originality which has been often brought against Mr. Tom Taylor, and of which his biographer says nothing, is disposed of by the dramatist himself in the preface to his plays, wherein he states that he has always "acknowledged in notes attached to the plays the sources to which I have been indebted for the suggestion of my subjects; not that I think Molière's rule, 'je prends mon bien où je le trouve,' less pleasurable by the dramatic author now than it was when he said it." Accordingly, in a note on *The Fool's Revenge*, which is the first of the Historical Dramas, the author says, "This drama is in no sense a translation, and ought not, I think, in fairness to be called even an adaptation, of Victor Hugo's fine play *Le Roi s'amuse*." Mr. Tom Taylor, we are told, having been asked to make an English play out of the story of *Le Roi s'amuse*, found in M. Victor Hugo's drama "so much that was wanting in dramatic motive and cohesion, and—I say it in all humility—so much that was defective in that central secret of stage effect, climax, that I determined to take the situation of the Jester and his daughter, and to recast in my own way the incidents in which their story was invested." As *The Fool's Revenge* would never have been written but for the existence of *Le Roi s'amuse*, it is difficult to see any unfairness in its being called an adaptation (that it is not a translation is obvious enough) from that play. But when one learns on such excellent authority that Mr. Tom Taylor is a better playwright than M. Victor Hugo, it is but a step further to a comparison between his works and "the noble school of the historic drama consecrated by the genius of our own Shakespeare."

In the next number of the *Dublin University Magazine* to that which contains Mr. Taylor's biography is an article headed "Henry Irving," which, it is not too much to say, is nothing else than a long and not very skilful puff. Both Mr. Tom Taylor as a dramatist, and Mr. Irving as an actor, have merits which will probably be remembered when the injudiciousness and bad taste of such praise as that we have referred to are forgotten. But it is none the less disheartening to find the evil fashion of writing biographies of living people interspersed with personal tattle spreading apace both here and in France. One might draw consolation from the fact that the list of existing celebrities is likely to be exhausted before a new set arises to take their place; but the love of gossip would seem to be insatiable; and there is no reason why the histories of great men should not be followed by those of their footmen and their "gentlemen's gentlemen," until, to quote Thackeray, "never a beggar need now despair, and every rogue has a chance" of taking his place in the exhibition of straw-stuffed live lions.

TWO ROYAL CHAPELS.

THE points of resemblance between the Chapel of the Savoy and that of the Tower are closer than might appear at first sight. Both were built in the early years of the reign of the second of our Tudor kings. Both were once collegiate. Both have served as parish churches for precincts, or, as we may say, ecclesiastical districts. Both are burial-places of people great and unfortunate. Both have been gaol chapels. Both have survived till our own day as examples of the latest phase of the Gothic style, and both have been recently restored. Nor does the resemblance end here. In their outward features we observe the same long flat roof, the same perpendicular side windows, the same dwarf tower at one end, though that of the Savoy was rebuilt long since Tudor times, and has moreover lost its bell turret. The bells of the Savoy were only borrowed or hired from the parish of St. Mary le Strand; and a small sum is on record among the chapel warden's accounts in the last century as having been paid for their use. The bells probably went back to the parish when the new church in the Strand was built, and only the tower without a belfry remains. In another point the chapel of the Savoy is like St. Peter in Chains. The position of the clergyman who serves it is almost anomalous. He is neither a rector, nor a vicar, nor a curate. The present "parson" styles himself the Chaplain of the Savoy, and his deputy the Assistant. But, strictly speaking, the word "minister" describes his position more exactly than any other. While the Savoy Hospital existed, though there were many clergymen attached to the Chapel, including the Master, none of them held any special priestly office, nor was called upon to minister to the others. But when the people of St. Mary's obtained leave from Queen Elizabeth to worship in the Savoy, they brought their own "curate," and subsequently, at every vacancy of the office, they elected a fresh "curate," subject always to the approval of the Master of the Hospital. It was thus that the great Thomas Fuller came here to preach; and, though Sancroft was Master a few years later, when the Savoy Conference was held in his house, he is erroneously spoken of as minister of the chapel, although no doubt he did there minister occasionally—perhaps when he pleased; although we may fully admit the truth of tradition that it was in this chapel, and under his directions, that the revised Book of Common Prayer was first used in 1662. When the parishioners of St. Mary's, in 1717, rebuilt the church destroyed more than a hundred and fifty years before, the Minister of the Savoy, deserted by his congregation, occupied a very doubtful position, and before long very doubtful things went on in his

chapel. Dr. Killigrew was Master of the Hospital, and by his management so wasted its revenues that he was destined to be the last holder of his office. The chapel adjoined the Marshalsea at one end, and beyond that again was a military prison. A succession of gaol chaplains, of clerical debtors and others of the kind, performed the priestly office, and in 1703, when the hospital itself was abolished, the chapel and its minister, a personage almost self-appointed, had sunk into the lowest repute. Thus it remained for some fifty years, till it was best known by an advertisement setting forth the advantages it enjoyed over the Fleet for clandestine marriages, since it boasted of "three ways by land and two by water," as means of access. The parson was a certain John Wilkinson, who called himself "His Majesty's Chaplain of the Savoy, and Chaplain to his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales," and under his care the number of marriages, which had been about a score in a year, rose to nearly twelve hundred. When Mr. Wilkinson had been sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, the chaplaincy seems to have remained for a time vacant, and an opportunity was taken early in the reign of George III. to change the whole of the arrangements. The church became a "Chapel Royal," the King assumed the right of appointment of a "minister," the precinct of the Savoy was made the parish, and the nominal stipend offered to the parson was charged on the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Somewhat of the same kind, but without so catastrophic a conclusion, was the history of St. Peter's in the Tower. Like the Savoy, its position, ecclesiastically speaking, was indefinite. The old church had passed away, with the system to which it owed its existence. When, in 1512, the building of Henry III. and Edward IV. was burnt, the church we now see was placed on the site, and, as in the sister-chapel, interments began to be made in it. Very few churches of the present day may be described in so many different ways as this. If the Tower is a parish, it is the parish church. If the Tower is a palace, it is the Royal Chapel. It was made collegiate by Edward IV. It became a gaol chapel under the Tudors. Of late years it has been used for the garrison. Like the chapel of the Savoy, it belongs to an extraparochial precinct, and, like it also until the reign of George III., it is not reckoned a Chapel Royal in the sense in which the Savoy is now called "Royal." The intentions of Edward III. to place it under a dean and three canons were not carried out, and the similar scheme of Edward IV. was suffered to drop. It has, however, been served from time immemorial by a "parson," whose office, instituted perhaps when the church was first built, has survived until the present day. Even when the college was talked of, the parson of St. Peter's existed; and in 1419 we have very powerful proof given of his existence; for in that year he killed a certain Friar Randolph. Stow mentions the fact without further comment; and Mr. Doyne Bell's recent book (*Murray, 1877*) may be searched in vain for any explanation. Philip and Mary, finding "no parson abyde to have cure sowle," declared their Majesties' pleasure "the same to be established into perfecyon"—a sentence the meaning of which seems rather uncertain, though it is followed by one appointing the Ordinary to superintend the matter. It appears to present no difficulty to Mr. Bell; for, though he does not pause to enlighten the ignorance of inquirers, he adds that the new arrangement ended "upon the establishment of the Protestant succession in the following reign," which makes one look back to see if William and Mary, rather than Philip and Mary, are referred to before. But he only quotes in a note from the Tower records a statement that Archbishop Whitgift and Bancroft "said they would not meddle with us"—hardly enough on which to base the claim of the chapel to be a "benefice donative, where the Bishop can neither visit nor deprive." The question seems to have occurred when the "curate" or the "rector and his son the curate," as it is in another place, were excommunicated by Archbishop Abbot for solemnizing marriages and christenings; and in 1641, when the Lieutenant imprisoned the chaplain of St. Peter's for some reason which does not plainly appear. The authors of Godwin and Britton's *Parish Churches* say that the church is under the control of the Bishop of London, which would certainly be the case if it is a royal chapel. Bayley calls it a "chapelry," and in the next line speaks of the "chaplain or rector." In Britton and Bayley he is called "Chaplain of the Tower." None of these writers, however, justify Mr. Bell's statement quoted above, and we can only conclude that the ordinances of Edward VI. and his successor were not abrogated by any "Protestant succession" occurring subsequently, but that the chapel is of the nature of a "perpetual curacy" in the see of London, the advowson being in the Crown and the stipend paid by the Exchequer. It is, in fact, and in spite of much unnecessary mystery-making, the parish church of the parochial precinct or district of the Tower, and the incumbent, however he may be designated, is the parish parson. It ceased to be a "royal free chapel" under Edward VI., and has never resumed the character.

The case of the Savoy was in this respect wholly different. Here a "precinct chapel" has been made royal. At the Tower a royal chapel was made parochial. In fact, at the Tower there was a very evident decline in the position of the church when the Tower itself ceased to be a palace. As the kings and queens no longer lived in it, and as their place was filled up by disrowned royalty and their companions in misfortune, the chapel, whose outer walls so often witnessed their deaths, now offered them a last resting-place. The chapel ceased to be "royal." The priest became half a garrison, half a gaol chaplain. The floor was filled with pews, for while mass only was said there the need of seats

had not been felt, but even soldiers could not stand throughout the tedious course of a Calvinist sermon. Perhaps at the beginning of this century there were not in all the diocese two more uninteresting churches outwardly and inwardly. At the Savoy the northern or chancel end, for the chapel stands north and south, was all blocked up with monuments, few of them remarkable in any way, and at the Tower a side gallery added to the effect produced by the high pews. Fire came in 1864 to the aid of the western chapel, but St. Peter's continued until last year without much change. The Chapel Royal rose from its ashes purified. The restoration was real. The painted roof having been destroyed, a new painted roof, decked with contemporary heraldry, is not of the nature of those falsifications of which antiquaries so often complain. The brass, long lost, of the poet bishop of Dunkeld once more lies on the chancel step; and Scotsmen come to look at the grave of their "sometime Regent," who died *patria sua exul*. Near it is another Scottish memorial. A window commemorates the unfortunate Cameron, Lochiel's brother, who, returning home after Culloden, was caught, confined in the prison at the Savoy, and eventually put to death, the last to suffer for the Forty-five. A greater poet than Gawain Douglas also sleeps in the chapel. George Wither rests in earth which Chaucer must have often trod, but no monument marks his grave.

Before the chapel of St. Peter in Chains the interest of the Savoy pales. Mr. Doyne Bell, in the volume to which we have already referred, tells the story of every burial within its walls. We have all read and re-read the words of Stow:—"Here lieth before the high altar in St. Peter's church, two Dukes of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, all four beheaded," and Lord Macaulay's comment:—"Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of goliards, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts." Nothing can add to the mournful interest of the place; and though we must sympathize in the indignation Macaulay expressed against the "barbarous stupidity" which had transformed the chapel "into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town," it is not possible wholly to approve of the works recently carried on in it. The only effectual restoration would have been one which removed the seats and galleries, which left the sacred ashes under the floor undisturbed, as well as the clumsy reredos, which must have seen the interment of the rebel lords in 1746. The thirteenth century is as much out of place here as the eighteenth. The new reredos, besides the disadvantage of being in a style older than the church itself, has still the rawness of novelty. Mr. Bell mentions the resolution that "the chapel should be, as far as possible, architecturally restored to its original condition, and also suitably arranged as a place of worship for the use of the inhabitants and garrison of the Tower." It does not seem to have occurred to him that the objects expressed in the words we have italicized were hardly compatible. The "original condition" of the chapel was that of a church in which mass was celebrated, while such seats as could have been put in in 1512 would have been very solid bulks of oak, like those which are still found in country churches of the date. When congregations of the modern kind began to assemble here, seats and a pulpit had to be brought in, and the chapel was made "into the likeness of a meeting-house." This likeness, we regret to say, it retains. It resembles now rather a Congregational than a Methodist meeting-house; the monuments have been moved about, the dead disturbed, and everything made new—all, as Mr. Bell informs us with great minuteness, under the care of a Committee of officers and Government officials, unassisted by a single antiquary or historian qualified to judge of the position of the remains, or to perpetuate the impressions of a record now for ever effaced.

SHEEP-FARMING IN THE SCOTCH LOWLANDS.

LOCKHART, in giving an account of one of those tours in the moorland districts to which Scott owed his intimate knowledge of the life of the Scotch peasantry, relates how the novelist's fancy was tickled by an observation on the part of a farmer, to the effect that the short sheep had the long wool, and the long sheep had the short wool. This anecdote was subsequently introduced into the first chapter of the *Black Dwarf*, and put into the mouth of a speaker, who informs worthy Jedediah Cleishbotham that, "It's the woo', man—it's the woo', and no the beasts themselves, that makes them to be ca'd lang or short. I believe, if ye were to measure their backs, the short sheep wad be rather the langer-bodied of the twa; but it's the woo' that pays the rent in thae days, and it had muckle need." The lives of both farmers and shepherds have changed since Scott first drove a dog-cart into Moffat, or put up for the night at farmhouses in Liddesdale; but the country, in spite of the rail, is in the main unchanged; and we purpose to give a few facts in this paper which may be new to tourists who try to imagine what Charlie's Hope could have been like as they are whirled along past Newcastleton on the Waverley route, or who remember, as they catch a glimpse of the Solway, how forcibly the rush of its tide is described in one of the letters that make up the later novel of *Redgauntlet*. The Lowland ranges, though wanting in the solitary and savage grandeur of the Grampians and far below the altitude of Ben Wyvis

or Ben Lawers, contain tracts much more profitable to the sheep-farmer. No one mountain, we believe, on this side of the Forth and the Clyde rises to 3,000 feet, and not many exceed 2,000; but at elevations varying from 1,200 to 1,600 feet there are rich pastures, where grass disputes the ascendancy with deep fern and occasionally towers over the heather or drives it completely away. The rent of 300*l.* spoken of in the tale already quoted is in these days not only doubled, but even quadrupled and quintupled; and we have known as much as 3,000*l.* paid by an incoming tenant for the stock and "plenishing" purchased by him from his predecessor. The following table, in which everything is literal except the names of the farms, will serve to show the magnitude of the Lowlander's operations and the large area over which his sheep range:—

	Acreage.	Number of sheep kept.	Number sold in the year.
Muckiestane Muir ...	2,200 ...	1,000 ...	280
Glenhoulakin ...	3,000 ...	1,400 ...	400
Heathery Knowes ...	4,500 ...	2,400 ...	800
Pomeragrain ...	2,500 ...	1,160 ...	360
Bridge End ...	1,000 ...	380 ...	160
Glendinning ...	6,000 ...	4,000 ...	1,300
Lower Skirriegubhy ...	5,000 ...	2,500 ...	1,100
Lawers ...	4,300 ...	2,200 ...	1,200
The Cleugh ...	4,400 ...	2,200 ...	1,000
The Martyrs ...	2,700 ...	1,400 ...	360

The rents paid by the tenants to the owners of these properties range from 17*l.* to 1,600*l.* a year, and on the best pastures it is calculated that two acres of ground, or sometimes less, will feed one sheep. But this calculation is more or less deranged by the custom noticed below, of sending sheep from certain hill farms to the low country during the winter and early spring. In districts where granite predominates and herbage is scanty the average may be about three or four acres for every sheep. The proportion of arable land to pasture is rather decreasing, and is almost infinitesimal. In one of the biggest farms on our list little more than one hundred or one hundred and twenty acres are laid down in oats, barley, and root crops, and it may easily be conceived that the produce is wholly consumed in the farm itself, and does not find its way to the market. To look at one of the substantial and well-sheltered farmhouses in which late proprietors or men still living have housed their tenants, it might seem that nothing could be healthier, more certain, or less affected by risks and calamities, than the life of a modern Dandie Dinmont. A breezy and bracing climate, of which the winter is far less severe than it is in Inverness or Ross-shire, and where the summer and autumn, especially towards the West, approximate to the temperature of the North of Ireland; hills of moderate height, easily traversed; an abundant supply of the purest water in the world; milk, cream, and butter, which might rouse the palate of a jaded voluptuary to healthy activity; occasional facilities for sport in the shape of fishing, coursing, or ferreting; no anxieties as to the rotations of crops, the quality of manure, the descent of blight, the attacks of the fly or other disturbing agencies by which the Southern farmer is perplexed and harassed; investment of capital in fourfooted animals which are peculiarly able to take care of themselves, and for which a ready market will never be wanting; all these features, it might be said, combine to invest Lowland farming with peculiar attractiveness, and even to suggest that younger sons, in these days of competitive examinations and crowded professions, might do better with a couple of thousand pounds on pastures looking down on the Esk or the Doune than snowed up in New Zealand or scorched in Queensland. But there is, of course, another side to this pleasant picture. Something does depend on the climate; a good deal on the shepherd; much on the tact and the capacity and the general management of the farmer; and even the hardy breeds of the Lowland sheep are not exempt from diseases other than rinderpest. In the summer and autumn sheep cause little anxiety. One shepherd, who is quite equal to the superintendence of two thousand acres and more, takes his daily walk over the hills, and, attended by the colley dog almost human in its intelligence, recalls the wandering, tends the sick, and compels the flock to change its feeding ground. It is significant of the hardness of sheep that no attempt is ever made to afford them artificial shelter on the moor. The stone-built folds which catch the eye on the hill-side are only used for sorting the lambs, or for dipping the animals in a well-known mixture served out hot, and invaluable as the destroyer of ticks. Farmers have concluded that no shelter beyond the natural growth of the hills or, it may be, a small plantation here and there, would be of any real service. Yet occasionally, even in the Lowlands, the snow drifts in winter and engulfs the animals by scores.

But the real time of anxiety is the lambing season of the spring. It seems pretty well agreed among experts, that the loss of lambs, which is calculated at from 10 to 15 per cent. on the births, is due, not to howling wind or driving rain, or to the protracted winters of March or April, in themselves, but to the want of fresh grass which the delay of spring entails. Failure of fresh food, where the hill-side has been exhausted, kills the young lambs simply by starving the mothers. If the ewes are reduced to stale heather and withered herbage, they have no milk to bring up their lambs, and these, though hardy from their birth and proof against frost and storm, die for want of adequate nourishment. Other diseases, too, assail the full-grown sheep. Inflammation carries off some; others are subject to vertigo and what is termed the "sturdies," a peculiar disease in the head; and others, again, from sheer weight, flounder in the peaty moss, and, unless succour is at hand, literally rot as they lie

on their sides and backs. The finest specimens are the most exposed to this kind of danger. Then various expedients must be resorted to, in order to feed sheep during the winter and spring. In some valleys the luxuriant herbage is cut and stacked on the hill-side, miles away from the farm, and forms a ready store to be drawn on in hard weather. In other districts farmers are compelled to rent a low-country farm, to which one-half of the sheep are driven regularly in September or October, returning to the high land in the ensuing April or May, when the sheep, of their own accord, recognize their old haunts. From vermin the flock has comparatively little to fear. It is more than twenty years since the last eagle has been seen in many districts, and, though the hooded crow is ready to feed on the flesh of any sheep that has died of the "sturdy," or the "staggers," the one great enemy of the young lambs is the hill fox. Lord Palmerston said that dirt was only matter in a wrong place. In like manner we may say that a fox in a hilly district, impassable to the hunter, is an utterly misplaced animal. Accordingly, it is no wonder that expedients should be organized against these marauders which would send a shudder round a circle of red-coats at the Pytchley meets of North Kilworth or Badby Wood, or which would justify John Runce's indignation as amusingly portrayed in Mr. Trollope's late novel of the *American Senator*. A miscellaneous pack accompanies some local sportsmen and farmers to a rocky pass known as the haunt of foxes; a sharp terrier forces the dog or vixen to bolt, when it is immediately shot down, or pursued to the death by lurchers. As much as ten shillings a head is given by some proprietors for the brush of each fox so massacred; but we are happy to inform hunters in the shires that cubs are often captured alive and deported far to the south to some chosen cover of gorse, where they may eventually die that natural death which the typical huntsman is said to have implored for them. Everything has its right place in the animal creation; but, in modern days, the fox has a better chance of life in the green pastures of Leicestershire than in rocks and corries where farmers, colley dogs, keepers, crack shots, and exasperated shepherds combine, in unnatural union, to shorten his life.

The shepherd in these localities knows little of clubs and unions, combinations and strikes, and is never exposed to diseases and poverty of blood engendered by living in crowded factories and stifling attics. His cottage may be lonely, and he may be snowed up for a week; or the wooden bridge which crosses the "Black Esk" or some "water" on Deeside, may be carried off by a spate, and force him to make a circuit of two or three miles to reach his neighbour or the post-office. But he is generally intelligent and fairly read; he takes in at least one local paper; in the summer he can be out on the hill-side nearly all day, and in the winter he may be an adept at curling, if the frost lasts, and he can get through the long evenings by knitting hose and re-reading his chosen books. His wages vary from twenty-eight or thirty pounds to forty pounds a year. But there is always, in addition, a small kitchen-garden, or kail-yard, and the use of two or three cows, besides potatoes and from sixty to one hundred and twenty stone of oatmeal. Fuel is to be had for the mere labour of cutting peat from the moss; but there is reason and method in this operation, however easy and simple it may appear. The peats must be cut in long strips scientifically with a peculiar-shaped instrument, and then set up in small heaps and turned at least once, to enable the wind and sun to dry them thoroughly. Usually the strata of the mine are about four to six feet in depth. The prudent and thrifty Scotchman always replaces the upper turf, with its roots and grasses, which he must cut off in order to get at the peat itself, on the portions of the moss which he leaves behind him in his progress, and out of which all the available fuel has been taken. In the course of a generation or two, by this simple process, the peaty substance will reform and grow. This is a striking contrast to the well-known recklessness, waste, and improvidence of Asiatics in dealing with apparently boundless natural resources. It is still a moot point with high authorities whether a peat-digger can cut more peats when he uses the instrument and digs down as men use a spade, or when he stands on a lower level in front of the strata and plies the weapon somewhat as a miner quarries the rock. But it is quite certain that a skilled hand will cut in one day as much as will fill seven country carts, and we have known men who could cut as many as ten. Peats, like coals, vary in texture, power of heat, and quality. In one district it is not necessary for the most prudent householder to lay in more than thirty cartloads, and even twenty-five will suffice. In others the annual supply is estimated at fifty loads, and farmers, with their larger establishments, consume as many as a hundred. But it is characteristic of the Scotch that generally a couple of cartloads cut in one year remain till the next July or August, when the new supply comes in; that all peat-stacks are so constructed as to allow the rain to pass off; and that with the most provident the top and ends of the stack are thatched with green rushes or straw. In digging the peat moss, trunks, roots, and boughs of trees are often found imbedded in the soil, relics of the primeval forest, and of the time when wood abounded and game was celebrated in an old local rhyme:—

Billhope braes for bucks and rae
And Carit Haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull-troat
If he be taen in time.

But the shepherd prefers the smooth unbroken peat to that which is studded with roots and knobs of trees, as these tend to break up the

material in the process of stacking and carting. It is obvious that nothing but its bulk prevents a species of fuel obtained with so little trouble from becoming an article of general consumption; and those who can get over the smell and the residuum of ashes know that there is no better mode of warming a room than by combining peat with wood or coal.

The common black-faced sheep is a favourite in many localities; and a species called the Lonk was once prized in some districts. It is calculated that a good sheep will shear yearly for four lbs. of wool, and, allowing for some fluctuation of price, the wool often clears the rent, while the sale of the animals goes to profit. But fair returns come from sending the animals, sheep, hoggets, and lambs, to the "fat market," as it is inelegantly termed. As many as twenty or forty rams are maintained in some farms; and the largest consignments of sheep and lambs are made to London or Liverpool. The question of reconciling the pasturage of sheep with the preservation of game has either never in the Lowlands caused the excitement which has prevailed in Aberdeenshire, or else it has been quietly solved. One large proprietor allows his tenants to shoot hares and partridges, while reserving to himself the grouse and black-game. On other properties the farmers and their tenants have permission to keep down rabbits by ferrets, nets, and dogs; and if the member for Leicester were inclined to study the question of our game laws practically, he might perhaps discover that all causes of dispute could be settled easily by mutual understanding and equity; and that the privilege of killing game on hill pastures may be made a valuable increment to ownership without demoralizing the community or filling the gaols. Generally speaking, the farmers of the Lowlands, whether they pay to the "Duke," the "Earl," or "the Laird," hold Conservative opinions, and can give good reasons for their belief; and Mr. Gladstone might spoil his best axe in cutting down his finest timber before their eyes, and treat an audience composed of tenants and shepherds to one of his most characteristic ebullitions, without producing in them the smallest desire for change, or leading them to think that the braes and corries of our Lowland ranges could be put to any better use than rearing fine sheep to clothe the naked and supply the table.

AN EIRENICON OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A LITTLE work which may fairly be regarded as both a theological and a literary curiosity, has chanced to come under our notice, and some account of it may prove not uninteresting to our readers, the more so as the copy shown to us is said to be the only one in existence. Everybody has at least heard of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and, whatever opinion may be entertained of its merits, nobody can think its appearance other than a natural result of the great religious movement in which the author has held so prominent a place. But his admirers and opponents alike will probably be surprised to learn that a work written in a very similar spirit, and with precisely the same aim, was published "by a Minister of the Church of England," whose name is not given, nearly a century ago. The eighteenth century has become a byword for religious indifference, if not for unbelief. It is designated *seculum rationalisticum*, and if the attacks of rationalists were met by a copious array of "Christian Evidences," the champions of the faith are taunted with having had no very clear idea of what Christianity was good for, when it had been "proved." We do not say that such charges were wholly undeserved, but this is not the place to discuss them. It may perhaps have been a keen sense of the dangers threatening all religious belief that induced the anonymous author of this modest work to consider how far it might be possible for Christians to combine their forces in face of the common enemy, though he does not expressly say so in his preface; and indeed he hints as much in a subsequent passage, referring to "the vice, errors, atheism, and irreligion" resulting from the divisions of Christians. The reason he does give for undertaking his "charitable design" is based on the severity of "the antient fathers" in denouncing schism, and the labour expended by Cassander, Grotius, Bishop Forbes, and other eminent men on the task of composing the differences of the reformed Churches with the Church of Rome, and, above all, the sad contrast presented by the present divided state of Christendom to "the beauty and glory of the primitive Church." And while he desires no peace which involves a consent to error or sin, he insists that no mere sacrifice of interest or convenience can be too great for "so public a good as Catholic communion and peace of the Church." With this purpose he compiled, after twenty years' careful study, what is described on the title-page as an "Essay towards a Proposal for Catholic communion. Wherein above sixty of the principal controverted points, which have hitherto divided Christendom, being called over, it is examined, how many of them may, and ought to be laid aside, and how few remain to be accommodated, for the effecting a General Peace." The book is "printed" in London, and "reprinted" in Dublin by George Bonham, and the date is 1781. That an Anglican clergyman of that period should have undertaken such a task at all is sufficiently remarkable; that he should have discharged it in the manner he has done will perhaps appear still more so to those who are familiar with the ordinary tone of Protestant thought and literature in England at the time.

The author briefly recounts in his preface the principles which have guided him in the prosecution of his undertaking, and which

must be allowed, as far as they go, to be unexceptionable. He has in the first place felt bound to seek his information about the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church from her authorized formularies and standard divines, and not from the representations of external or hostile critics. He has in the same manner examined what is authoritatively taught or sanctioned in the Anglican Church. He then lays down six "rules relating to Church communion," which are to be kept in view throughout the discussion—namely, (1) to distinguish carefully between matters of opinion and matters of faith; (2) that errors or conceptions tolerated but not imposed in a Church are no sufficient grounds for breaking communion; (3) that many disputes turn on verbal differences, and ought not to be made a ground of division; (4) that men should never be charged with real or supposed consequences of their opinions which they themselves expressly disavow; (5) that Church ordinances are not to be considered "unscriptural" merely because they are not enjoined in Scripture, so long as they are not forbidden; and lastly (6) that there are only two adequate grounds for withdrawing from communion with a Church—viz. if we are required, as a condition of communion, to profess our belief in what we know to be untrue, or to practise what we know to be sinful. On this principle he proceeds to discuss in eighteen chapters and about 300 pages the "sixty points" referred to in the title-page, comprising pretty well all the alleged or imaginable differences, great or small, between the Roman and Reformed communions. They are examined in a sort of catechetical form by question and answer, not of course at such length as e.g. in Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, but with great lucidity and precision, and explicit reference to authorities in every case. In a concluding chapter he thus sums up the general result of his inquiry:—

Having gone through the principal points of controversy that have kept open the breach between the two Churches ever since the first division, and compared them with our rules of peace, which all Churches seem under a necessity of approving; I cannot find, but far the greater part of them ought to be laid aside; and as for the rest they are so few, that as I cannot but think it an unhappiness that Churches should be divided on this account; so I cannot but hope, if some learned and zealous lovers of peace were commissioned on both sides, by those in power, to enquire into this matter, they might find means to compound our differences therein, and take away the great scandal of Christendom, occasioned by our divisions.

We cannot of course follow the author here in detail through the various points he so carefully examines. It might perhaps be worth the consideration of those interested in such matters whether the book itself—which is quite a small one—might not be advantageously republished in a day when it is likely to attract more attention than it did on its original appearance. And, if so, the curious letter addressed in 1827 by "J. K. L."—the well-known Roman Catholic Bishop Doyle (of Leighton)—to Lord Goderich, afterwards Lord Ripon, then Prime Minister, on the union of the Churches, might form a suitable appendix, as a kind of indirect response to the challenge of the Anglican clergyman. That however is for others to consider. We will but suggest in this connexion that there are two points of view, apart from the immediate and professed object of the work, from which it may be said to possess a greater interest now than at the time of its first appearance. In the first place it exhibits a view of Roman Catholic doctrine, based throughout on authentic documents of unquestionable authority, very different in many respects from modern Ultramontane teaching, the accuracy of which however cannot—except in one particular to be noticed presently—fairly be challenged. And in the next place the view of Anglican doctrine, coming from a clergyman of apparently, and indeed avowedly moderate opinions, towards the close of the last century, is such as would be—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—more congenial to the "Ritualists" than to Archbishop Tait. We cannot stay here to show this in detail, but our author's method of handling the subjects of the Real Presence and of Confession—which he holds to be "requisite," at least in many cases, and desirable in others, according to the Prayer-book—will sufficiently illustrate what we mean. The one point on which his representation of Roman doctrine would now be plausibly challenged by Ultramontane critics is, it need hardly be said, that of Papal Infallibility, which he discusses at some length and shows on conclusive evidence to be (at that time) no doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. The evidence is thus summed up:—

Having found, upon strict examination, that the Church in communion with the See of Rome requires no assent to such a papal infallibility; That it is not so much as mentioned in the definition of the Council of Florence, in which the controversy of the papal authority and prerogative was professedly and fully discussed; That it is not in the formula of faith, set forth by Pope Pius IV. collected out of the Council of Trent, and of which all promoted to Church dignities are obliged to make a solemn profession; That it is not proposed to such as are admitted members into that Communion; That it has no place either in their catechism *ad Parochos*, nor in other catechisms, which are for the general instruction of the people; Having found likewise that Bellarmine (*l. de Rom. Pont. c. 11*) owns five eminent doctors positively denying this infallibility of the Pope, without being censured by their Church for such their tenets; That the famous Lannoius reckons up twelve universities, Bononia, Pavia, Sienna in Italy, Louvain in Belgium, Cologne in Germany, Vienna in Austria, Cracow in Poland, Anjou, Orleans, Toulouse, and Paris in France; and, besides these numerous bodies, seven and fifty single writers, amongst which are many eminent bishops, archbishops, and Cardinals, viz. seventeen of the Prussian school, three of the Spanish, one of Oxford, five Germans, and no less than one-and-thirty in Italy alone, all professedly writing against this infallibility of the Pope, without any censure passed against them from that Church; having found, I say, this, it seems evident from hence, that this papal infallibility is no term of communion with that Church; that it is no more than a matter of opinion, and not of faith.

Evidence equally full and cogent is next adduced against the absolute supremacy of the Pope, and his superiority to General Councils. It will of course be replied that the Vatican Council has made these doctrines since. But the contention is surely a perilous one for those concerned. When Dr. Dollinger was summoned by the Archbishop of Munich to submit to the Vatican decrees, he said he was ready to labour as before "for the old Church." "There is only one Church," replied the Archbishop, "not two, a new and an old one." "But," replied Dollinger, "*you have made a new one.*" Certainly the evidence collected here seems to confirm the statement. And now we hope we have said enough to convince our readers of the justice of our opening remark that this little work is in its way a religious and literary curiosity of very considerable interest.

SOCIAL ROWDYISM.

THE recent exposure of the callous and disgusting behaviour of people who, if not respectable in conduct, at least occupy a conventionally respectable position in society, is very melancholy and humiliating. It brings out in a very painful manner the intense vulgarity of a certain class of well-to-do people, who have made money, but have failed to acquire refinement and good manners. Some allowance may be made for a mob of roughs on a Bank holiday or excursion day at Margate or Ramsgate; but the class which has just been making such a disgraceful exhibition of itself at Folkestone is of a very different type. There is evidence that "the fellows who congregate on the pier are of better social position than the regulation excursionist"; and this is confirmed by the fact that "only privileged persons are allowed on Folkestone pier to witness the arrival of a steamer." And not only is it men of this class who show their brutality in this way, but it seems that even "lady spectators," as they are nominally termed, though they cannot be ladies in any real sense of the term, are not ashamed to be seen "gloating over the wretchedness of the more draggled and miserable" of their own sex. The Railway Company is responsible for the comfort and protection of its passengers, and is clearly bound to take measures to put a stop to these outrages, as it might easily do by putting some of its policemen on duty at the pier, to watch the people who misconduct themselves, and insult and, it may be even said, in the case of sensitive ladies, torture, the distressed and exhausted passengers. If the Railway Company neglects this obvious duty, the local authorities ought to see the necessity of employing their own police for the protection of order and decency. An effectual check might be put on these offenders if they knew they would have to go before the magistrate, and that their names and addresses would thus get known. If summary measures are not taken with these disorders, Folkestone will get into a bad odour, and respectable families will take care to keep away from it. The lodging-house people and shopkeepers have, therefore, a strong interest in preventing this stigma from being fastened on the town. A casual outbreak of bad manners by a few persons may be tolerated, but a systematic and deliberate form of cruel annoyance to passengers is another thing.

What is most serious in these disorders is that, as we have before remarked, it shows there is a large body of so-called respectable people who are capable of amusing themselves in a very low and disreputable manner. It must be remembered that the visitors assembled at Folkestone are not an isolated community, but come from all parts of the country, and may therefore be regarded as representing a widely distributed class of people who are likely to show their vulgar brutality in other ways. And indeed, when we look around, it is easy to discover other examples of a similar spirit springing up in various directions. An instance is given by an eye-witness who a recent Sunday saw "two quiet, inoffensive Chinese, who were walking in the Regent's Park, pursued wherever they went by a yelling, jeering mob, and in vain turned on their persecutors and begged them to desist." At length one of them, provoked beyond endurance by a personal insult offered by a young ruffian, "perfectly well dressed," made a rush at him, but failed to capture him; and no one offered to take the part of the ill-used foreigners, nor was there a park-keeper or policeman to be seen. Then, again, there is the homicidal steam-launch nuisance on the Thames, which causes infinite annoyance and danger to the peaceful frequenters of the river, as is shown by a list of recent disasters given in the *Field*. At the beginning of the spring the first of these occurred at Chiswick. A steamer passed a small boat; the tide was low, the swell caused by the steamer was heavy and tending to break into waves, yet the steamer dashed on recklessly without any attempt being made to ease it. The people in the boat did not understand how to keep her bow to the swell; so it filled and sank, and three lives were lost. More recently another boat has been upset in much the same place and in the same manner, but fortunately without loss of life. Another example of this murderous style of steaming was given by the fatal accident in Caversham Reach which occurred to the Henley Town Fours last summer when in training for the regatta; and the latest case of this sort of blackguardism was the turning over of a punt at Windsor little more than a week ago. This was an especially aggravated case of recklessness and indifference, for there was no swell on, and a steam launch coolly ran into a party of anglers who were sitting in a punt, and precipitated them into the water. Fortunately all the occupants were rescued, but the result might

have been different. The punt was clearly visible to the people in the launch, and it should be remembered that, though a man in a rowing-boat is to a certain degree able to take care of himself, a punt is fixed for the time, and cannot readily have its position changed, so that this was from every point of view a most wanton outrage.

On the strength of these cases the writer in the *Field* is fully justified in asking why furious driving on the river should not be subject to the same penalties as furious driving on the land. As the law on the latter point stands, if any one drives or rides furiously in a thoroughfare to the danger of Her Majesty's subjects, he can be summoned and fined, with the alternative of imprisonment, with or without hard labour. There are also special rules as to carts and heavy vehicles, which have to exhibit the name and address of the owner, in legible letters of a prescribed size, under penalty of being fined. And if the name is not marked up, and the driver refuses to give it, this is also punishable. Yet all this can be done with comparative impunity on a river, where, as is obvious, the result of collision is even more disastrous than it would be on a highway, as there is the risk of being drowned in addition to that of direct injuries from the immediate shock; and, further, a reckless steamer can by its wash effect danger or injury even without actually coming into collision. If a rower is run down he has, no doubt, a civil remedy, the result of which is so trifling in a pecuniary way that it is not worth the trouble of taking proceedings, even if the offender is identified, and his true name and address obtained. The Thames Conservancy, it seems, have powers to limit the speed of steamers, and can, upon conviction, obtain penalties for violation of this regulation; but, though they profess to limit speed to six miles an hour, this is, as any frequenter of the river can see for himself, a mere farce, as no attempt is made by the Conservancy Board, which alone can take up the matter, to enforce this rule. Accordingly the *Field* proposes that furious steaming to the public danger should be punishable upon summons before justices, the fines running up to 20*l.*, and power being given to inflict imprisonment without the option of a fine; that every steamer should be compelled to display conspicuously on the stern and either bow some name, address, or number registered with the Thames Conservancy, in letters of twelve inches long; that any violation of these regulations should be punishable by fine, and the boat liable for seizure in satisfaction of any fine which may be imposed; and that refusal to give name and address should be similarly dealt with. There can be no doubt that ruffians who, as in the cases above mentioned, drive their steamers at full speed on a river crowded with pleasure boats without the slightest regard for public safety, deserve severe punishment, and ought to get it.

Another kindred case of perilous recklessness is the way in which many persons ride bicycles. They often come along silently in the dark, without a light or bells; at other times a whole band of riders rush on in a row, frightening and scattering everybody before them, while the police look on calmly. It is impossible to understand why such a dangerous practice should be freely allowed; and it is certainly a matter the police should be made to see to. Moreover, it would be a very good thing if the rider of a bicycle were compelled, when required by the complainant, to produce a card bearing his name and address. For yet another illustration of these evils we are indebted to the journal just cited, which in its last impression calls attention to the perils of attending races. The scenes lately witnessed, it is said, on such occasions are "more worthy of Alsatia than of a highly civilized country," for "not alone are there a swarm of scoundrels in the inner enclosure at York, who take money in advance from confiding simpletons, without the least intention of paying a farthing in return under any conceivable contingency; but, in addition, respectable visitors to the races are in imminent jeopardy of having their pockets picked and watches stolen, with the certainty that, if they attempted to collar the thief, they would be hustled, maltreated, or knocked down." And all this is because the persons in charge of races have an interest in bringing together as large a mob as possible, and care for nothing except getting money for entrance to the enclosure. In short, there are many forms of recklessness in public thoroughfares which ought to be looked after, for at present the innocent public are left in a very helpless condition.

REVIEWS.

MR. FROUDE'S ANNALS OF ST. ALBANS.*

THOSE who are familiar with the series of *Chronicles and Memorials* will hardly suspect Mr. H. T. Riley of any great indulgence in satire. How far they might be inclined to credit him with prophetic gifts is a point too deep for us. But it is certain that, in his notes to one of the *Chronicles of St. Albans Abbey*, he has sketched beforehand the latest writing on the history of that house with a vigour and an accuracy which leave nothing to be wished. Mr. Riley has several times to speak of a book called *Newcome's History of St. Albans*, of which we cannot claim any

knowledge. But Mr. Riley tells us (*Amundesham* ii. ix.) that "his excerpts in general are a mass of confusion and error, and, as is the case with most of his matter, no reliance whatever can be placed on them." Further on (ii. ix.) he speaks more tersely of certain parts of *Newcome's* book as a "striking instance of ignorance in combination with inventive power." Of the general character of *Newcome's* book we can say nothing; the particular passage quoted by Mr. Riley certainly bears out Mr. Riley's words. But of this we are quite certain; whether Mr. Riley's description hits off the elder historian of St. Albans or not, it exactly hits off the last writer who has taken the subject of St. Albans in hand. Mr. Froude's present series of "Short Studies" begins with a piece headed "Annals of an English Abbey," which is devoted to the history of St. Albans. If it should be wished to accompany the next advertisement of Mr. Froude's book with an "opinion of the press" which shall exactly describe it, nothing can better serve that end than Mr. Riley's criticisms on *Newcome*. Mr. Froude's "excerpts are a mass of confusion and error"; "no reliance whatever can be placed on most of his matter"; the whole essay is a "striking instance of ignorance in combination with inventive power." It is in truth a "striking instance." It is really wonderful to see how far a man can contrive to go wrong, when it would have been very much easier to go right. In the greater part of Mr. Froude's "Short Study" no research or criticism was needed. He had simply to tell a plain story as it is told in a single book which he seems to have had before him. That where criticism, comparison of authorities, knowledge of the times of which he is speaking, are needed, Mr. Froude utterly fails in them all, is no more than we should have looked for. Mr. Froude, by his own confession long ago, rushed at the history of Henry the Eighth, because he had nothing particular to do, without having troubled himself to get up the history before Henry the Eighth. Still we might have thought that he could at least copy or translate a simple story. Perhaps it is here that the dangerous "power of invention" comes in. Anyhow, from some cause or other, Mr. Froude's story is hardly ever the same as the story which he has before him. That he should tell the story after his own fashion, that he should colour it according to his own prejudices, is nothing wonderful. This is what everybody does more or less, what Mr. Froude does more than most people. The wonderful thing is that, when Mr. Froude has nothing to do but to follow his book in matters which in no way touch his prejudices, he seems unable to follow it. If by any effort he can go astray, if he can transpose the order of events, if he can in any way tell the story differently from the way in which his book tells it, if he can leave out something which is characteristic of the time, or bring in something which is not characteristic of the time, if he has any chance of showing that he has no living knowledge of persons, places, offices, customs, he does not fail to improve the occasion.

Mr. Froude's business, then, lies with the abbey of St. Albans—"St. Albans in Hertfordshire," as he thinks it necessary to explain—to which he kindly offers to "introduce the reader." Its annals, Mr. Froude tells us, "have been lately edited by the learned and accomplished Mr. Riley," and the names of the St. Albans books which Mr. Riley has edited are put in a note. It is also plain that Mr. Froude has made use of *Walsingham's History of England*, also edited by Mr. Riley, and of the *Lives of the two Offas*, which we at least have to consult in the old edition of Wats. Here are materials enough to learn a great deal about St. Albans on the part of any man the state of whose mind was such as to allow him to learn. But not much is likely to be learned from them or from any other books by a man who begins their study, not only under the dominion of a violent prejudice, but, it would seem, without any knowledge of any other writings of the time, and most certainly without a shadow of critical power, without any living knowledge whatever of the times of which he is speaking. Modern research has done much for some of the periods with which Mr. Froude deals. But on Mr. Froude all modern research seems to have been thrown away. To him authentic contemporary history and the most impossible legends of later times are of exactly the same value.

Mr. Froude begins in a philosophical vein. When he talks about "the evolution of events," "the equation of man," "the dynamic forces of humanity," and "the rules of our spiritual navigation," we leave such mysteries to the initiated. When he sneers at other branches of knowledge, and speaks of people who, "to escape vacuity, fling themselves into dilettante sciences, and study the anatomy of shells and beetles," we can only say that the true master of any form of knowledge honours the masters of every other kind; that the historian feels no scorn for those who study the anatomy of shells and beetles; that his scorn is reserved for those who, "to escape vacuity," employ themselves as the apologists of evil, as the panegyrists of Flogging Fitzgerald and Henry the Eighth. When Mr. Froude says, that "in England the past is obscured by sentimental passion," we cannot altogether stifle our memories of namby-pamby talk about daisies, and streams, and clocks, and those famous sensational pictures of executions, sometimes of martyrdoms. When we get from talk into facts, we are amazed by Mr. Froude's first statement. The first thing that he has to tell us about St. Albans shows that, at least when he began his story, he could never have been there. "The surviving ruins," he tells us, "convey a more imposing sense of the ancient magnificence than Melrose or Fountains or Glastonbury." It is plain that Mr. Froude did not know that the church of St. Albans is still standing; that it has been lately raised to cathedral

* *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Third Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

rank is a fact which he would most likely think beneath his notice. Before he comes quite to the end, he finds out that the church is standing, and so goes on to speak of the "ruins of the rest," how they preach, and what not. He adds, "There is a talk now of restoring St. Albans," on which his comment is, "Cursed is he that rebuildeth Jericho." One might be curious to know how the Bishop of St. Albans and the Earl of Verulam feel under the anathema of Mr. Froude.

The early history of St. Albans comes from the Lives of the early Abbots, first written, it would seem, by Matthew Paris, and edited by Thomas Walsingham. Like so many other writings, it has a strong mythical element in the earlier part, but it becomes a valuable record as it gets near to the author's time. It is full also of little touches and notices of great value to the historian, and sometimes to others beside the historian, but of which Mr. Froude can make nothing. For instance, in Abbot Ealdred's time some discoveries were made whose record is of no small interest to the geologist and the primeval antiquary; but Mr. Froude despises the *dilettante* sciences and the anatomy of shells and beetles. We of course make allowance for him when, in a time of which he clearly knows nothing, he talks about "the Saxon heptarchy," "England's proto-martyr," and "Lady Macbeth"—poor Queen Gruach, of whom we know so little. When he talks about "the Bishop (or Archbishop as he was then called) of Lichfield," we make allowance for the handling of an unfamiliar subject, and we do not expect Mr. Froude to have grasped the fact that there was one Archbishop of Lichfield and only one. When Mr. Froude talks about "a convention which met at Westminster soon after the battle of Hastings," when we find the absurd legend about William the Conqueror and Abbot Frithric told as if it were authentic history, we allow him the same excuse. He has plainly not read the history; and if he had, there would be no chance of his distinguishing history from legend. What we have to do now is to show the wonderful way in which Mr. Froude either cannot or will not follow his own book when he has nothing to do except to follow it.

Let us begin with the founder and the first Abbot. Willgod is blamed for not getting the body of Offa to be buried at St. Albans. For this ingratitude the chronicler thinks that the Abbot was punished by his death two months after that of the King; still he feels no doubt that Offa, though his mortal remains received no reverence on earth, nevertheless reigned in heaven ("Constat, et omni acceptione dignum est ut fide certa concipiatur, ipsum regem, cum martyre suo, quem in terra sublimavit, regnare feliciter in celestibus, nomenque ejus in libro vite indelebiter annotari, licet ejus carnales exuvie in terris non venerentur"). This is in the *Gesta Abbatum*, i. 7. Mr. Froude had clearly been working at the Lives of the two Offas a page or two before; he did not think of looking at them again, or he would have found out what the writer had in his eye. Offa, according to the story, was buried in a chapel at Bedford; a flood in the Ouse swallowed up the chapel. How much of all this is history, how much is legend, it is hard and not very important to settle; but the form which the story takes in Mr. Froude's hands is truly wonderful:—

Reality, in this world of ours, falls generally too short of theory. The shortcomings at St. Alban's became visible scandalously soon. The first care of the monks should have been for their founder. Offa died soon after the abbey was set going. The ungrateful Willgod allowed the king's body to be consigned by unknown hands to an unknown grave. It was uncertain whether the burial was so much as Christian. Willgod was punished for his negligence by an illness of which he died. The brethren could but hope that Offa's soul might not be suffering for it in purgatory.

The doubt as to Offa having had Christian burial, the hopes about purgatory, are purely Mr. Froude's own; and does Mr. Froude fancy that anybody fancied that Offa's soul suffered for Willgod's negligence? We will not go into the subtle theological question, seeing that the words of the legend or history, whichever it is, assert the direct contrary.

We are curious to know in what part of a monastery Mr. Froude fancies that an Abbot slept. We are told that the third Abbot, Wulfisige, was of kingly descent, on the strength of which he was puffed up with pride, and did several unbecoming things. Mr. Froude describes him as "thinking more of his descent from Odin than of his bondage to Christ." This is purely a flourish of Mr. Froude's own. There is not a word about Odin, or even about Woden, in the text; and Mr. Froude's Danish spelling of the English god is just one of those little signs of which scholars know the meaning. Of this Abbot Wulfisige, Mr. Froude tells us that, "worst crime of all, he invited ladies to dine with him in the abbot's parlour, and lodged the nuns too near his private chamber." The Latin is:—

Mulierum nobilium turbas ad mensam suam, infra septa habitationis sue multotiens invitans, metas honestatis transgrediens, scandalum suscitavit, et tam sui quam fratrum, quamvis forte non subfuisse causa reatus, enormiter læsit integritatem.

We really for a moment thought that the nuns were Mr. Froude's invention. It is not so. It comes out incidentally in the life of the next Abbot Wulfnoth that Abbot Wulfisige had done something for the nuns. "Illas in domo nimis vicina ecclesie collocaverat; qui sub specie religionis errorem palliavit." That Mr. Froude thinks that "private chamber" is the natural translation of "ecclesia" is almost past belief; yet there is no other way of reconciling Mr. Froude's English with the chronicler's Latin.

Presently we come to a very singular story about a certain Wulfa. He is described as being "Dacus natione, abbati consanguineus." The Abbot is Eadfrith, who is described as "ex

Saxonum magnatibus originem ducens." This Saxon Abbot, who had a kinsman born in Denmark, is a great puzzle, the more so because we have no exact dates. To suppose that by "Saxonum magnates" Mathew Paris meant Englishmen, would be to suppose that he wrote after Mr. Froude's fashion, and not after his own. If words have any meaning, Eadfrith must have been a countryman of John the Old-Saxon and of Dudo Bishop of Wells. And the phrase "Dacus natione" would rather imply that Wulfa, though of Danish birth, was not of Danish descent. A good deal of curiosity is thus awakened which cannot be gratified. Moreover Wulfa was a monk of St. Albans, who was sent by the Abbot to a newly-built church of St. German near the abbey. There he lived the life of a hermit; his sanctity was such that bishops, clerks, and laymen came to confess to him and ask his prayers, and in the end he was buried among the Abbots. The points here are that Wulfa was a monk of the house who somehow had been born in Denmark, and who was sent to look after a newly-restored cell. Mr. Froude runs off at the word "Dacus," and mixes the tale up with a story about Danes, evidently Christian Danes, who carried off, or were thought to have carried off, the relics of St. Alban to a Benedictine house in Denmark. Mr. Froude tells the story in this astounding fashion:—

Each summer brought fleets into the Channel of plundering Danes. They landed in force. Half the country was overrun and wasted by them. Their chiefs were heathens, who spared neither shrine nor altar, monk nor nun. St. Alban's, far inland as it was, had not escaped a visit from them, and half the treasures of the church had been carried off. From these stores was raised up a saviour. Wulfa, a Danish rover, whose heart was penetrated, became, on one of these marauding visits, converted to Christianity. He carried his fervid spirit into his faith, turned hermit, settled himself down in St. Alban's woods to crusts and watercresses; and so famed among the degenerate Saxons became the pirate recluse, that high prelates went to him to confess their sins and be absolved; while Abbot Eadfrith, shamed by such an example at his door, laid down his crosier, took to the woods at Wulfa's side, and the community, inspired with fresh enthusiasm, mended their ways.

About the repentance of Abbot Eadfrith all that the Chronicle tells us is that he went and lived alone near the church of St. German ("Constructis quibusdam ædificiis juxta prædictum oratorium, in loco ubi prædictus heremita habitavit"). All about the woods is purely out of Mr. Froude's own head.

There is something clearly wrong in Matthew Paris' story about the two brothers Leofric and Ælfric, successively Abbots, of whom Leofric became Archbishop of Canterbury. *The story contradicts itself, and it is very likely, as Mr. Riley suggests, that this is the Ælfric who succeeded to the archbishopric in 990, and that he was succeeded at St. Albans by Leofric. The story is very confused, and so supplies a fine opportunity for Mr. Froude to confuse it yet further.

As the story is told, Leofric, in a famine, applied to the help of the poor funds laid apart for the fabric, as also the larger part of the vessels and ornaments of the church. A question arose whether this was right, and Matthew Paris himself, arguing from the gospel narrative about Judas and the ointment, decides against the Abbot. He adds:—"Hæc inquam, quia tunc temporis prædictæ rationes in conventu discordiam suscitarent, quam vix abbatibus supplicatio humilis sedavit, et potestas secularis perterrendo temperavit."

Now hear Mr. Froude:—

These abbots found most favour with the brethren who most enriched the corporation. Large land grants fell in under Leofric and Ælfric, and therefore they were admired and honoured; but the monks considered that they were themselves the first object of Christ's care, and that the increased wealth should show itself in increase of comfort. The two brothers regarded the poor and miserable as having a superior claim, and lavished Christ's patrimony in relieving the necessities of the neighbourhood. Even the jewels intended for St. Alban's shrine were sacrificed in a severe famine—Abbot Leofric daring to say that the true temples of Christ were the bodies of his suffering members.

Whether the abbot did well or ill in this judgment of his, snuffed a discontented brother, *Noverit ille qui nihil ignorat*—"Let Him determine who knoweth all things." The apostle who thought most about the poor was the traitor Judas. The poor we had always with us, and pious monks of St. Alban's were not to be met with every day. There was open mutiny at last, and the secular arm had to be called in. Leofric, excellent as he was, proved *rebellibus austerus*—a severe master to rebellious servants. Rough policemen came down from London and chained up the most refractory in their cells. The rest were left to grumble in private over their shortened rations.

All this is pure fiction. The question was simply whether it was lawful to alienate sacred vessels. There is not a word about "increased comfort"; not a word about the monks "thinking themselves the first objects of Christ's care"; not a word about "shortened rations," unless this is Mr. Froude's translation of "prædictæ rationes" (!) It is Ælfric, not Leofric, who is called "rebellibus austerus," and all about the London policemen chaining up people in cells is, every word of it, Mr. Froude's invention.

A great deal of mere confusion and ignorance that follows, joined with neglect to notice a great deal of curious and instructive matter, seems trifling after this. If Mr. Froude has no notion of the course of the Danish invasions, if he, like many before him, cannot distinguish Svend of Denmark from Magnus of Norway, it is no more than we should expect from him. We blame him only for meddling with matters which he has not studied. But when a man translates "ecclesia" by "private chamber," and "prædictæ rationes" by "shortened rations," when he creates London policemen in the tenth century, and takes them to chain up monks at St. Albans, without there being a word like it in the one book which tells the story, a graver question is raised. Mr. Froude has written many volumes on the history of a later time, and he

expects us to believe a great deal on the authority of his own researches into materials which are within the reach of few of us. Can we trust Mr. Froude's summaries, or translations, or literal extracts, of things at Simancas and elsewhere where we cannot test him, when we see the havoc which he makes of the plain text of a common book open to every one who understands Latin?

But may be the period through which we have as yet tracked Mr. Froude is mere "Saxon times," dark times, of which nobody can know much, and when such Latin as was written was doubtless so queer that some freedom may be allowed in translating it. Or, where a story evidently has a good deal that is legendary about it, it may be allowed to throw in a little more legendary matter, if it is likely to heighten the effect. A converted pirate turning hermit is certainly a more picturesque object than a monk sent to look after a newly-founded cell. We will therefore try Mr. Froude by another test. We will, when we come to him again, see how he deals with an absolutely contemporary narrative of later times.

ALLEN'S PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS.*

PHILOSOPHY, far from being harsh and crabbed, reserves high and peculiar pleasures to her true followers; and among the highest is that of the teacher who, after long and faithful service, lives to see his thought bear fruit in guiding the thought of a younger generation. In our own time Mr. Herbert Spencer has been, next to Mr. Darwin, most fortunate in this respect. While there are not many who can accept the whole body of his doctrine, even among those to whom the general tone and purpose of his work are most acceptable, the ideas to which he has given shape and solidity have already taken root in all forms of speculation that have any real life in them, and are being followed out with an eagerness and activity which pay a worthier tribute to their author than any lip-service of verbal assent. The book now before us, dedicated to Mr. Herbert Spencer, aims at developing certain principles briefly laid down by him in the course of his recent work on Psychology. Mr. Grant Allen has done this with very creditable success; he has entered on his work equipped with due knowledge and caution, and he has avoided many dangers by following the plain but much overlooked rule of beginning at the beginning, and dealing with comparatively simple elements before attempting to account for their complex results. The title of the book hints at the elementary character of the inquiry without fully disclosing it; one half expects some premature endeavour to arrive at canons of taste in the fine arts by a direct appeal to the physiology of the senses. Mr. Allen, however, has too just notions of method to be drawn into such an enterprise. He professes that he will be content if he can "account physiologically for the common pleasure in bright-coloured objects, elementary paintings, easy melodies, and popular poetry; only touching slightly upon the more involved phenomena of kindred origin." Students of our latest phases of artistic development will not find anything here that will materially help them to decide whether it is an article of faith or merely a pious opinion that Mr. Burne Jones's *Six Days of Creation* is the most wonderful work ever poured into colour and form since painting became an art.

The word *æsthetic* in its current modern use is apt to suggest a chaos of hopelessly conflicting tastes and opinions. Yet reflection shows that in art, as well as in some other matters apparently given over to controversy, there is, in truth, a mere fringe of controversy to a large field of agreement. If there were not a certain consensus of taste in every educated community, the fine arts, requiring as they do elaborate co-operation, could not exist at all. A school of painting demands a common ground on which the master can meet his pupils, and both can meet the public for whom they work. Still less could art be a matter of cosmopolitan interest unless much of this ground were likewise common to educated persons of all nations. That which is universal shades off by undefined gradations into that which belongs to particular countries, schools, and, finally, individuals. As in the natural development of species, we have the play of competing variations within a range limited by the generic forms already fixed; and the issue of the competition between variable elements depends on their fitness in relation to the permanent ones. It seems, therefore, that we have a scientific foundation, though a rough one, for artistic judgment of the ordinary kind. The permanent elements of artistic enjoyment are given in the general consensus of educated persons, and are capable of being defined with reasonable certainty. The conditions thus obtained by an empirical process determine the outlines of the critical standard. What is called art-criticism is, or ought to be, the filling in of this outline by exhibiting the details of the artist's work, the special characters of the school or the person, in their just relation to the settled elements. There is no reason—apart from disturbing conditions which in theory may be neglected—why this process should not be scientific as far as it goes. The elements provisionally assumed as simple are in truth very complex, and challenge a further search into their origin and composition; but all the concrete sciences have to make assumptions of this kind. We hold, then, that the scientific treatment of æsthetic questions is to a certain extent possible without the ultimate scientific analysis

of the empirically known conditions of æsthetic pleasure. It is not unlikely that the rough account of these conditions derived from the more or less trained perceptions of an educated observer may for some time to come be really more trustworthy than any scheme which can be constructed with still imperfect scientific materials.

We know not whether Mr. Grant Allen would admit these considerations, or would regard a provisional science of the higher æsthetic feelings as impracticable. The task he has undertaken is in any case a different one. He aims at other objects and by other methods; his enterprise is less showy and attractive, but the chances of success are more solid. His purpose is to show how the broad and general elements of æsthetic satisfaction are on the one hand connected with the physiological conditions of pleasure in general, and on the other hand distinguished from the general mass of pleasurable sensations which have not the æsthetic quality. This quality must be assumed at the outset of the inquiry to be vaguely known in experience, though it is difficult to say where it begins. Mr. Allen admits that it cannot be strictly defined, and he is once or twice hampered by concessions to popular usage. Thus he struggles to find reasons against allowing the true æsthetic character to the civilized man's feeling for a well-ordered dinner. His reasons are, we think, artificial and inconclusive, and run counter to the opinion of the best judges. It is true that two men cannot eat the same dinner in precisely the same sense that they can listen to the same tune; but this is surely not sufficient ground for saying that an enjoyment which for all rational people is eminently social is "a matter of strict monopoly." The artistic aspect of dining is too classical to be thus disposed of; and it has been stoutly upheld in modern times not only by Brillat-Savarin, but by our own no less ingenious, though less widely known, countryman, Mr. Walker of the *Original*. As for professed art-critics who may think art profaned by such language, Mr. Allen may be assured that he has earned their full enmity already by presuming to bring science to bear on æsthetics at all. But stay, there is one redeeming point; the votaries of dingy greens and smudgy blues may find in some of Mr. Allen's expositions a sort of physiological justification for the state of the over-refined and over-wrought modern nerves which shrink from the violent shock of bright colours.

Mr. Allen starts from Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine that pleasure is in a general way the natural index of healthy action, and pain of the contrary. This is, in truth, a pretty simple corollary, though a very important one, of the theory of natural selection. It is plain that an individual or species which habitually took pleasure in hurtful actions would very soon be—if the expression may be allowed—selected from off the face of the earth. So that in the mere fact that a race or organism has survived there is implied a certain adjustment of its pleasures and pains to the conditions of its physical welfare. The ready objection that we often, as matter of common experience, do find pleasure in hurtful things is much less formidable than it looks. Mr. Allen not only meets it, but carries the war into the enemy's country by maintaining that pleasure as such is always good, and pain as such is always bad. The report of every special sensation is correct so far as regards the part of the organism affected; the chance of error comes in when that report is interpreted with reference to the welfare of the whole organism. Before the general theory of pleasure can be applied to æsthetics, however, we must determine the special quality that marks out æsthetic pleasures as a class. Mr. Allen (still following Mr. Spencer) arrives at it from the more general division of life into work and play. Activity directed to self-preservation (in the largest sense) is work; pleasurable activity not so directed is play. But this does not exhaust our comparatively useless pleasures; we have others which are not active. The enjoyment of play is in doing something pleasant and useless; there is also an enjoyment which consists in having something pleasant and useless done for one. In this region of comparatively passive pleasures, slightly or not at all connected with "life-serving functions," Mr. Grant Allen finds the root of the specially æsthetic feelings. Æsthetic pleasure is a sort of passive play—an activity of the receptive faculties which, so far as the immediate welfare of the organism is concerned, may be set down as purposeless. This conception is further defined by some additional marks. Æsthetic pleasures are produced by the accumulated effect of impressions which are slight in themselves; hence they do not become prominent without some little conscious attention, and have, as compared with other kinds of emotion, an almost intellectual character. Again, "as they are only remotely connected with life-serving functions, it follows that they can give pleasure to thousands without detracting from the enjoyment of each"; and in this way they are eminently social and human. A rational account may thus be given of the lofty and disinterested character which the followers of the fine arts have always delighted to ascribe to them, and which is best expressed, perhaps, by the term *liberal*—an adjective which in that sense is now a little old-fashioned, but which it would be very hard to replace. Mr. Allen, having established his general base of operations, goes through the elementary pleasures of the several senses, and discusses the nature of their contributions to our æsthetic perception. The æsthetic value of touch, taste, and smell is mostly indirect. These kinds of sensation can, with few exceptions, hardly be called æsthetic in themselves; but in the ideal form they enter largely, by way of suggestion or representation, into the æsthetic effects of poetry and the imitative arts. The pleasure of handling a polished

* *Physiological Æsthetics*. By Grant Allen, B.A. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

surface may be called quasi-aesthetic, but the faint representation of it is an element in the distinctly aesthetic pleasure which the texture of marble gives to the eye. The pleasure of smelling a rose is æsthetic in kind, but less purely æsthetic than that which the poet aims at giving when he makes use of the rose in his descriptions or metaphors. Sight and hearing, on the other hand, are distinguished by the minute and complex character of the impressions which make up our visible and audible world. Thus they excel the other senses in the cumulative quality which has been named as a mark of æsthetic pleasure, and are specially fitted to be the vehicles of æsthetic feeling. As between the two Mr. Allen, notwithstanding the expected dissent of musicians, gives the palm to sight. We have not room to follow out the development of his principles in relation to the separate arts; we prefer, indeed, only to say so much as may call attention to a fresh and vigorous effort in an almost untried field, without entering on a detailed criticism for which the subject is hardly ripe. We have noted various points at which we should like, as at present advised, to take time to consider before agreeing with Mr. Allen; but it is more important to set the example of beginning the work in the right way than to turn out faultless results. Besides, the book is a short one, and by no means hard reading. Those for whom the matter has any interest can examine the writer's opinions for themselves at the cost of very moderate trouble, and will find themselves well rewarded.

YACHTING PICTURES.*

THIS handsome volume, which we have already glanced at, is likely to attain a wider popularity than among merely yachting men. It is not every able-bodied Englishman who takes kindly to the salt water; the sights and woe-begone faces that may be seen any breezy day on board the Channel packets would give peremptory contradiction to such an assertion. Yet most Englishmen—to say nothing of Englishwomen—delight in the sea, and enjoy marine pictures when they can view them comfortably from firm standing ground; and there are not a few of them who follow in some sort of fashion the pursuit that has assured us the command of the seas. There is hardly a harbour or anchorage in the long sweep of our island coast that is not enlivened in the season by the visits of occasional pleasure craft; and in our bays and estuaries enthusiastic amateurs in a humble way are beating and tacking about to their own intense satisfaction, or running the risk of coming to temporary grief as they navigate some intricate labyrinth of channels that is beset by sandbanks and submerged mud flats. But Mr. Dutton's clever series of drawings represents the luxury of this national sport. We have the crack racers that have carried off many a cup in their time, or have succumbed in narrow defeats almost as glorious as hardly-won victories. And we have the steadier and more commodious vessels whose primary purpose is cruising, although their designers have combined the extreme of comfort with a perfection of sea-going coquetry that charms even the unprofessional eye. These lifelike sketches transport us in the spirit to many a scene of animation that we may have often achieved in the flesh. Thus, in the way of a suggestive panorama of still marine life, we know nothing more delightful on a glorious day in the later spring or the early summer than the anchorage under the heights of Ryde. There are the trim-built vessels of various rig and burden, with their tapering masts and spars, and their taut standing rigging, and their keels sitting so lightly on the unruffled water. The fresh varnish and burnished brasswork are glancing brightly in the brilliant sunshine, the white holystoned decks are lustrous as looking-glasses, the hands lounging on board in loose undress show a rare combination of strength and suppleness. The background of the shore is in happy harmony. You have the cheery row of the bow-windowed hotels, the clubs with their verandahs and gay awnings, and the luxurious lounging chairs among the shrubberies and on the smooth lawns; the manne villas, embowered in the foliage of the spreading trees; and the bridges over the carriage drive and leading down to landing places. Behind are the wooded steepes with the streets in terraces rising tier over tier; while, looking to the southward, are the detached sea-girt forts, the defences of the national arsenal that stretches along the opposite Hampshire coast. Get that fleet of yachts under sail and you have the very poetry of motion. Many a weary passenger homeward bound has watched them enlivening the Southampton Water, and half wished that he were shipped as a passenger for the race, as he marked the canvas swelling to the freshening breeze and the flashing of the foam-flecked waves as they were tossed aside from the counter.

It has always seemed to us that to the man of means who has had the luck to be born a tolerable sailor there are few more enviable luxuries than a well-found yacht; and although we remember the magnificent show that is made by our crack squadron, we are inclined to wonder notwithstanding that the taste is not more general. We can understand that the excitement of racing should not recommend itself to every one, thrilling as its sensations must often be. There are times when baffling and unseasonable calms must make what ought to be amusement almost intolerably tantalizing; and, moreover, when

you have been building chiefly for speed, you may have to make very appreciable sacrifices of comfort. Nor can it be agreeable to an independent mind to resign itself, as it must so often do, almost passively to the control of an autocratic sailing-master in a neck-and-neck struggle for cups and glory, when a mistaken order means disappointment and defeat. But nothing can possibly be more enjoyable than the command of a commodious cruiser with creditable sailing qualities. The cabins may not be very spacious, yet they are fitted up with all the appliances that man need desire. There is ample room to toss and turn in the berths, which sometimes take the form of bedsteads; and, in their cleanly-curtained accommodation, you can always put your hand on each article in your limited seagoing wardrobe. Inlaid with bright-coloured woods from the forests of Honduras or Yucatan, with marine sketches in water-colours, alternating with the mirrors in the panels, nothing can be more cheery than the aspect of the saloon. There is a cottage piano pleasantly suggestive of nocturnal serenades, with a small but well-selected library arranged on the shelves above it. The servant, or servants, are thoroughly versed in their business; the cellar is sufficiently stocked with wines that will stand shaking; the chef is clever in the superintendence of the commissariat, and can make marvellous use of his compact *batterie de cuisine*; and, when once you have found your sea legs, you can count on an unfailing and discriminating appetite. Even when becalmed in the hottest day, there is generally some air stirring; if the hours are hanging heavy on your hands, you may forget them in dreamland and a voluptuous siesta; and balmy evenings and starlit nights are the very perfection of romantic enjoyment. No doubt there is another side to the picture. It may blow a half gale or a whole gale or great guns, or the vessel may pitch and toss till her timbers creak and tremble; you may have to go through a series of involuntary gymnastics when you take your seat at the swaying dinner-table, and you must manage dexterously with spoon and fork when conveying the viands to your mouth. But we presume you are habituated to such experiences, and rather like the excitement of them than otherwise. And as to the excitement of clinging to the shrouds on deck through a gale there can be no sort of question, always supposing that you have cast the slough of the landlubber and have anything of the spirit of the hardy seaman. Got up in waterproof slops and a sou-wester, it is then you appreciate the sea-going qualities of your craft, observing her critically under trying circumstances. She careens over till she should certainly capsize, only you are very sure there will be no such catastrophe. She dips and rises to the waves like a duck, or seems to skim their surface like a sea-swallow, and if your diaphragm is as independent of her motion as the compass, you revel in exhilarating sensations, rising superior to the occasional douches of salt water.

In short, yachting in its different aspects may either beget an ardent passion or grow steadily into the calm affection which will probably endure for your natural lifetime. And here in the volume which has suggested our discursive remarks we see some of the representative vessels that are associated with well-known names. First in the list of plates come the pair of Royal yachts, the *Victoria* and *Albert*, and the *Osborne* steam sloop. Indeed the former vessel is technically designated a frigate, and a most admirable specimen she is of commodious marine architecture. Most loyal subjects must have become more or less familiar with her by this time, for it is two-and-twenty years since she was launched, and she has carried Her Majesty or members of the Royal Family from port to port in not a few of their progresses. She is no less than 336 feet long; her registered burden is 2,345 tons, and she has a nominal horse power of 600. The *Victoria* and *Albert* is still *facile princeps* in her class; although not a few of our private millionaires have followed the example of Her Majesty in providing themselves with steamers whose engine power and ample accommodation make their proprietors comparatively independent of weather. The *Osborne* is considerably smaller than her consort, as she is decidedly more rakish in her rig; but even the *Osborne* carries a dozen of officers with a complement of 130 men. First of the sailing vessels is the famous old *Arrow*, associated inseparably with the memory of Mr. Weld of Lutworth, and built to his orders at Lynington in 1823. In reality, however, the original *Arrow* is only nowadays represented by the name, and hers was a strange and eventful history. The old yawl of 84 tons that made a racing reputation more than half a century ago was bought by Mr. Chamberlayne in 1844, when she had lain for many years "rotting in the mud of the Itchen river." "In his hands she was so often pulled to pieces and rebuilt, altered, lengthened, shortened, and metamorphosed, that it may well be doubted whether so much of the wood or copper of the original *Arrow* now remains in her composition as would make one of her belaying pins." The list of the *Arrow's* winnings through her various transmigrations fills nearly a page of the present volume. As a wonderfully successful and singularly graceful modern racer we may admire the *Egeria* schooner, constructed in 1865 for her present owner, Mr. Mulholland. It was the *Egeria* whose mainmast snapped across and came down on the decks while racing off Dover in 1872, happily with no more fatal consequences than throwing her out of the race. Then there is the superb *Guinevere*, "for some years the largest sailing yacht in the pleasure navy, and while a perfect floating palace as regards fittings and accommodation, much distinguished by her good looks and speed, especially off the wind." The *Guinevere* is gliding along in light breezes; and next, by way of contrast, is a most spirited picture of

* *Yachting: a Series of Twelve Celebrated Yachts.* Sketched and Drawn on Stone by J. S. Dutton. With Descriptive Text and Lists of Winnings by "Red with White Maltese Cross." London: Day. 1877.

the *Oimara* cutter, contending with heavy green seas off the Needles, with broken lowering skies overhead, and the phantom-like forms of the vessels competing with her seen dimly through the squally haze astern. A still faster cutter is *Kriemhilda*, which has put not a few prizes to the credit of her owner, Count Batthyany. And we may conclude our notice with a reference to Mr. Ashbury's *Livonia*, which, although she has won him honours by her Channel performances, will be best remembered by her exploits in America. Altogether the plates will well repay study by those who seek for profit as well as pleasure; and they have the rather uncommon merit moreover of being free from monotony in the artistic handling of their backgrounds and surroundings.

PARKER'S HISTORY AND EDITION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.*

IN these two volumes, which, with different titles, really form one consecutive and elaborate work, we have unquestionably the fullest and most accurate account yet published of the successive revisions of the Book of Common Prayer. Though the title-pages do not bear the author's name, the book is acknowledged to be, and is quoted as, by one of the publishers, Mr. James Parker, the son of the well-known archaeologist. In the introductory volume the history of the various changes in the Prayer-Book is hunted up and illustrated from a great variety of sources, and fresh light is thrown upon the several questions which have lately been the subject of judicial handling.

The second volume gives a tabular view of all these variations, together with a copious concordance and index; so that the reader is able to put his finger at once upon any point which he may wish to examine. We have been particularly struck with the author's lucid treatment of the famous Ornaments Rubric. A writer who has lately written on this subject with all the confidence which is generally begotten of superficial knowledge has laid great stress upon the difference in form between the rubric of 1662 and that of 1559. The latter orders the clergy to wear, in their ministrations, the vestments which were authoritatively in use in the second year of Edward VI. The former, on the other hand, is merely an impersonal direction that those vestments "shall be retained and be in use." Hence it follows that the legal obligations of the rubric would be strictly fulfilled if the prescribed vestments were in partial use, and no clergyman in particular—at least outside collegiate and cathedral churches—could be punished for not wearing them. It is obvious, of course, that any of the clergy who chose to wear the vestments would be equally within their legal right in so doing. This was pointed out by Mr. MacColl in his criticism on the Purchas judgment. Yet the error of the Court in that case has been repeated in the Ridsdale judgment, which declares that a decision in favour of the appellant in the matter of the vestments would be equivalent to an enforcement of them on all the clergy. The writer to whom we have referred quietly adopts the critic's conclusion, but draws from it the extraordinary inference that, though the vestments of Edward's First Book are "still to be retained and used in the Church of England," they are not to be used "by every minister of the same." "The cope," he thinks, "was to be used by the capitial clergy, and only by them; the surplice was to be used by all." And to mark this distinction the direct injunction of 1559 was changed into the impersonal direction of 1662. A glance at p. 129 of Mr. Parker's "Introduction" will show the absurdity of this reasoning. The author of the Ornaments Rubric in its present shape, as everybody knows, was Cosin. Now Cosin has left on record his emphatic opinion that the rubric of 1559 was entirely unaffected by the Advertisements, and, as a consequence, that the use of the vestments of the First Book of Edward VI. was up to 1662 lawful to all the clergy, parochial as well as capitial. The Puritans, however, had persistently disputed the legality of the rubric of 1559, on the ground that it was not an integral part of the Act of Uniformity. Cosin acknowledged, as the Ridsdale judgment has done, the force of this objection, and he rested the continued legality of the vestments on the unrepealed 25th Clause of the Act of Uniformity. When, therefore, he was engaged in revising the Prayer-Book in 1661, he took the opportunity of correcting the legal flaw which the Puritans had detected in the rubric of 1559, and we can see, in his own handwriting, the process of reasoning which led to the change in the form of the rubric. He first of all quoted the old rubric in its integrity. Then he drew his pen through the whole of it, line by line, except the first seven words ("And here is to be noted that"), to which he added the present rubric, with the following unfinished explanation:—"That is to say . . ." The blank was left to be filled in after discussion in the Committee (of which Cosin was one) appointed by Convocation to revise the Prayer-Book. Cosin's reason for a specific enumeration of the vestments is given by himself in his "Considerations" of 1641, as follows:—

And in the same rubric "The minister is appointed to use such ornaments in the church, and at all times in his ministrations, as were in use in the

* An Introduction to the History of the Successive Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer. London: Parker & Co. 1877.

The First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. compared with the Successive Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer, together with a Concordance and Index to the Rubrics in the several Editions. London: Parker & Son.

second year of King Edward VI." But what those ornaments of the church and of the ministers were is not here specified, and they are so unknown to many that by most they are neglected. Wherefore it were requisite that those ornaments used in the second year of King Edward should be here particularly named and set forth, that there might be no difference about them.

The cause of this neglect and ignorance in respect to the vestments Cosin had previously explained in his interleaved Prayer-Book:—

For the disuse of these ornaments we may thank them that came from Geneva, and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, being set in high places of government, suffered every negligent priest to do what he listed, so he would but profess a difference and opposition in all things (though never so lawful otherwise) against the Church of Rome and the ceremonies therein used.

Cosin's colleagues on the Revision Committee, or at least the majority of them, did not think it prudent to adopt his advice to mention by name the ornaments which they were anxious to revive after a long, though not legal, desuetude. To have done so would have unnecessarily alarmed the Puritan party, and possibly secured the condemnation of the vestments as in 1552. The Committee of the revisionists accordingly reaffirmed the legality of the vestments, but followed the precedent of 1559 in not naming them; and Convocation ratified the decision of the Committee.

But why did they change the direct order of 1559 into the direct permission of 1662? We have seen the explanation lately offered by an episcopal writer who has evidently brought more zeal than knowledge to the consideration of the subject. Our opinion is that the Bishops, seeing the impossibility of restoring at once the full ceremonial of the Church, and recognizing the imprudence of attempting it, "left a right of way to it" here and there, as opportunity offered, and so altered the stringent obligation of the previous rubric to the permissive sanction of the present. This was undoubtedly the reason why the Committee of Convocation did not adopt Cosin's suggestion to enumerate the vestments, and it is probable that it had some influence also on the change in the rubric. But we are disposed to agree with Mr. Parker that the governing motive in the latter case was Cosin's anxiety to meet the objection of the Puritans against the previous rubric. The objection was that the rubric, not being an integral part of the Act of Uniformity, had no binding force. This was met, under Cosin's influence, by a twofold amendment. First, the words of the Act itself were adopted, and Cosin was careful to call attention to the fact in a note. "These," he wrote, "are the words of the Act itself." Secondly, the new rubric was inserted as part and parcel of the Act, and all reference to any future "other order" was deliberately struck out. Here, then, we have a very simple explanation of the "shall be retained and be in use" of the Ornaments Rubric. There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the phrase in the Act of 1559, for the vestments now in dispute were then in undisputed legal use; and the man who is chiefly responsible for introducing the phrase into our present rubric has himself explained the reason why—namely, to bring the rubric into strict verbal agreement with the Act. The following quotation will show, not only the paramount influence of Cosin in the last revision of the Prayer-Book, but also the careful manner in which Mr. Parker has sifted his evidence:—

Of the corrections made finally in the revision of 1661, about ninety out of every hundred are due to suggestions which are found in Bishop Cosin's corrected copy. A small proportion have undergone some modification from what he wrote, but upwards of seventy may be said to present the *ipsissima verba* of Cosin's original copy. Hence it is that a close examination of this copy is of so much importance towards rightly understanding the general history of the revision.

It will be remembered that, at the Savoy Conference, the Puritans objected to the rubric of 1559 on the ground that it "seemeth to bring back the cope, albe, and other vestments in the Common Prayer-Book of Edward VI." In judicial and other criticism on this objection, stress has been laid on the word "seemeth," as if the Puritans were indulging in a hypercriticism to which the law gave no support. And the answer of the Bishops is appealed to as showing that they at least understood the surplice, and the surplice only, to be in question. To our mind, the answer of the Bishops has always implied just the contrary; and we are glad to find our interpretation borne out by a piece of evidence cited in Mr. Parker's book. Calamy was employed by the Puritans to draw up a summary of the Puritan case at the Savoy Conference, and his account of the matter is as follows:—

As to the Morning and Evening Prayer, they (Puritans) excepted against that part of the rubric which, speaking of ornaments to be used, left room to bring back the cope, albe, and other vestments.

This shows that the Puritans in 1661 shared the universal belief of all educated men—namely, that the vestments of the second year of Edward were still plainly authorized by the rubric. It also proves the incorrectness of the suggestion that the surplice was then the only vestment in dispute. It is quite true that the controversy as to vestments raged chiefly round the surplice, because that was the only vestment which the Bishops made any attempt to enforce. But the case of the Puritans at the Restoration included not only permission for themselves to officiate without the surplice, but, in addition, such an alteration of the existing law as should preclude for all the revival of the Edwardian vestments. If, in spite of all this, we are to conclude that the vestments had been not merely obsolete, but illegal, since the year 1566, the universal hallucination on the subject must be pronounced one of the most

singular facts in the history of popular error. Surely nothing short of the most overwhelming and indisputable evidence ought to be accepted in support of so strange an indictment against a whole nation.

Mr. Parker, in common with every authority who has really studied the subject, rejects the suggestion that the Advertisements were intended to curtail in any respect the ritual law of 1559. He is also in agreement with all competent authorities when he affirms that the object of the Advertisements "seems in the cases in question to have been (as would appear was the object in several previous injunctions) to enforce some discipline, trusting to time and circumstances to enforce the full discipline laid down in the Prayer-Book." In other words, the Injunctions and Advertisements of Elizabeth's reign were not intended to abrogate anything sanctioned by the legislation of 1559, but to make provision for what, it was hoped, would prove but a temporary emergency. They sanctioned accordingly a rule of maximum and minimum in Divine worship; the former to be recommended as the standard to be reached whenever it was feasible, the latter to be strictly enforced. Mr. Beresford Hope and other writers have supported this view with arguments which appear to us unanswerable, and which certainly have hitherto remained unanswered. It is a proof of Mr. Parker's industry that he has strengthened a strong case with some fresh illustrations, and with some old illustrations stated from a fresh point of view. One of the Advertisements, for example, orders "That in cathedral churches and Colleges the Holy Communion be ministered upon the first or second Sunday of every month at the least; so that both dean, prebendaries, and clerks do receive . . . four times in the year at least." Yet the rubric of 1552, which had been repeated in 1559, was retained throughout all the Prayer-Books issued during Elizabeth's reign, and was again repeated in the Book of 1604, and in all issued afterwards. It runs:—"In cathedrals and collegiate churches, where be many priests and deacons, they shall receive the Communion with the Minister every Sunday at the least." Another of the Advertisements says:—"If the parson be able, he shall preach in his own person every three months." If "omission is prohibition," according to Privy Council law, it follows that a parson is liable to inhibition, and ultimately to deprivation, if he presumes to preach oftener than "every three months." Yet a writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* valorously defends this absurd maxim, and flourishes the 14th Canon as a triumphant answer to all objectors. If he had read Cosin he would have seen—that indeed the light of common sense ought to have shown him—that the inference which he has drawn from the 14th Canon is precisely the reverse of that which legitimately issues from it. The Canon in question orders that "All Ministers likewise shall observe the Orders, Rites, and ceremonies prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer . . . without either diminishing or adding anything in the matter or form thereof." But the "rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer" are the rites and ceremonies which were legally in use in the second year of Edward VI. These are all authorized in the lump by the Prayer-Book, and what the 14th Canon does is to prohibit unauthorized innovations on that ritual standard. In Cosin's day the 58th Canon appears to have been quoted as sanctioning a lower standard of ritual than the Ornaments Rubric. In opposition to this view Cosin appeals to the 14th Canon, which, he argues, would contradict the 58th, if the latter was meant to be the maximum, instead of being, as he contended, the minimum of what the Church required.

Although we have confined our review of Mr. Parker's very learned volumes to the question of vestments, as being one of much present interest, we should be sorry to leave it to be supposed that his treatment of other liturgical problems fell short of this one. We can honestly say that all other points connected with the revisions of the Prayer-Book are dealt with in the same conscientious and painstaking manner. The history which Mr. Parker gives of the early and unquiet period of Cosin's life, when, at that Cathedral of Durham to which he went back in old age as Bishop, he had, with varying fortunes, to maintain a running fight with his brother Prebendary, the mountebank Puritan Peter Smart, is clear and graphic. The writer with much ingenuity deduces the train of thought and study which culminated in the Prayer-Book of 1662, as we now have it, from Cosin's rough schooling at the hands of his boisterous and untruthful colleague. Mr. Parker's researches, following upon those of recent writers, and the opportune publication of documents by the Surtees Society and others, complete the evidence of the fact, which would probably never have been obscure had not Cosin been one of those men who preferred the reality to the trappings of power, that to him the Church of England especially owes her continuous existence upon the traditional principles laid down by her more moderate and conservative reformers. A few years ago, when no fairly educated person would have liked to plead ignorance as to the historical position of Parker, Hooker, Andrewes, Abbott, or Laud, he might not have accepted Cosin as a man whom he ought to have known something about. Hereafter we hardly think this plea of ignorance will be accepted. We may, in conclusion, say that these volumes supply a distinct want, and are unquestionably the best book of reference yet published on the subject with which they deal.

THE TAME TURK.*

IF one cannot laugh or weep with the author of a novel and with his characters, the next best thing is to be able to smile at him and them. The author of *The Tame Turk* has given us so much of this second-best, but by no means contemptible enjoyment, that it would be the height of ingratitude to say anything against her romance. No one is likely to criticize her work more fairly than she has done herself. "The value of a book is tested," she says, "by the interest it inspires in the reader, and not always by the intellectual capacity brought to bear in its construction." The interest of *The Tame Turk* certainly owes nothing to intellectual capacity. "Portions of the romantic history of Olmas-sai has (sic) at different times been related to various persons," the author goes on, in her simple, ungrammatical style. She seems to be a lady who knows something of Turkey by personal experience; at least she refers in a familiar way to the nooks and corners of Constantinople. Perhaps this is a literary artifice in the manner of Defoe; if so, it is the only literary artifice in the novel. Olmas-sai, the "Tame Turk," was the son of the Marquis d'Auteuil, one of Napoleon's generals. His father "made nearly the whole of the Russian campaign with his beloved Emperor, and at Moscow he had all his toes frozen off." He does not seem to have suffered more inconvenience from this accident than Mr. Lear's "Pobble who has no toes." After the Emperor's exile, he went to Constantinople. "It was he who first introduced into Turkey the use of percussion-caps for guns." The Sultan Mahmoud gave him a house and the hand of his sister. Before accepting this latter present the Marquis had to change his religion. But, as the author says, "Where is the man that does not accept a pure love as a religion? for love is a religion, and a religion is love." These opinions ran in the family; and, when Olmas-sai himself fell in love with an American widow with four or five children, he deserted the faith of Islam for the truth as it is in Mr. Emerson, or whoever may have been the favourite prophet of his American *littérature*, as she is called. But we must not anticipate the close of the third volume.

Olmas-sai was the second son of his mother, the Sultan's sister. When this relative first beheld her infant, she said, with a faint smile, "Olmas-sai," which means "something phenomenal." The title stuck to the boy, who was spoiled in childhood. Instead of being "strangled to avoid confusion," which is not done now, though "it was at one time," he was allowed to "take liberties with the Sultan's august person." His elder brother Nicolò, encouraged perhaps by the leniency of a monarch who had not strangled him, took the further liberty of running away with one of the wives of the Sultan, a lovely young Georgian. This was more than Mahmoud could stand; and "the entire Turkish fleet was sent in pursuit," "one half down the Dardanelles, and the other half up the Black Sea." There was racing and chasing about the Black Sea; but Nicolò and his wife, having a start of twenty-four hours, got clear away, were never collared, and reached Syra easy winners. On hearing of this adventure the Marquis d'Auteuil became "petrified with astonishment and grief, and finally his head dropped, and he fell in a fit." He returned to his house, when he was somewhat recovered, to find it blockaded with three thousand soldiers, and demanded his son.

D'Auteuil Pasha, as we presume he should be called, did not long survive these incidents. He left a foolish will, which put Olmas-sai into the power of his mother. She had always been jealous of her offspring, and brought matters to a head by "telling him he soiled too many shirts." Our hero now "felt himself one too many," and fled to Athens, where one of the professors in the University treated him with no little kindness. But "Otho was king of Greece at this time, and the people, wearied with the disgusting Bavarian customs he introduced among them, revolted." His excesses reached their climax "by his taking forcible possession of a young Greek girl, and also by his levying a tax on agriculture, which was already over-taxed." The Greeks "were oppressed in ways that no one but Bavarians could devise," though the author represents the Turks as being rather ingenious in this sort of invention. Men who, like the modern sons of the Achæans, "wear a short, exceedingly full white muslin skirt," and a scarlet fez with a blue tassel, were unwilling to become "pipe-smoking, beer-drinking Bavarians." Olmas-sai, among others, donned an exceedingly full white muslin skirt, and drew the sword of liberty. In a battle at Naupli he was not only wounded by a sabre-thrust in the thigh and a bullet in the shoulder, but fought for half an hour with a dead man hanging on to his ankle. His inconsiderate comrade had bitten him, in the agonies of death. He was "at length obliged to break the dead man's teeth to set himself free." The hero was now imprisoned in a room where one of his companions "died from the effects of the sight of the ceiling—died asphyxiated." Later he made his escape out of a yard where "there was a frightful ordeal to pass," but he passed it, "in spite of his prejudice in favour of cleanliness."

This is pretty well for the first hundred pages of a novel. We cannot trace all Olmas-sai's adventures after his return to Stamboul. Persons so "disloyal," as the *Daily Telegraph* might say, as to dislike the Turkish Government will find much to please them in the accounts of professional assassins, torture-chambers for reluctant witnesses, and so on. Once Olmas-sai was hunted by murderers into a place where he found a basket full of human heads;

* *The Tame Turk*. By Olive Harper. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

and on another occasion he discovered two dead feet under his bed. "The cold faces and bloody necks made him faint and sick with horror," but the feet had a body attached to them, and he did not mind them so much. Vexed by the domestic institutions of his country, Olmas-sai visited Malta, and fancied himself in love with an Italian beauty. But Isabella was married, and Olmas-sai could not fall in with the domestic institutions of her country either, so he fled from the charmer, and was shipwrecked with circumstances of pleasing good taste. He escaped on the mess-room table, "thirteen feet long, and four in width." Strange to say, "he had never been shipwrecked before," and the situation was complicated by the presence of a strange baby, whose "linen was marked in Greek, Irene." A steamer from Alexandria picked up the Turk and the baby, and Olmas-sai, who was a very good fellow at bottom, handed the infant over to the Mother Superior of a convent near Marseilles. Thence he went to Paris to finish his neglected education. His friends were wild young men, such as the feminine fancy is wont to evolve out of memories of Mürger's novels. Jacques taught Olmas-sai to gamble, and tried to introduce him to grisettes. Pierre, a medical student, cured the baby, now called Hélène, of a temporary blindness. Meanwhile, Isabella, the fair Maltese, had become a widow, and persecuted Olmas-sai with her attentions. One scene is painted with perhaps too much warmth, and we are told that the hero "might have succumbed had not one of the waiters knocked at the door, and so broken the spell she had almost succeeded in throwing over him."

Before this last adventure Olmas-sai had gone through the Crimean War, had been a prisoner in Russia, and had shown great courage in a fight with a dog:—

Olmas-sai had not a good hold upon the throat of the dog, but had the lower jaw in a grasp of iron, and held on, though the hot breath of the dog made him feel ill and faint for a moment.

The dog struggled with all his might, and bit as well as he could with his lower jaw clasped as by iron. He endeavoured to throw all his weight on Olmas-sai, and he scratched with his hind feet like a cat, till Olmas-sai's clothes were in ribbons, and the blood was flowing freely from both his hand and his legs. Then the dog freed his throat from the grasp of Olmas-sai, who lost no time, but clasped him round the nose, and, with an effort of strength almost superhuman, wrenched the jaws completely apart, the crashing of the strong bones sending a shiver through Olmas-sai.

The dog set up a most unearthly howling, and as Olmas-sai let loose his hold, he began to spin round furiously, tearing up plants and earth in his agony.

This dog had "cost twenty liras, and weighed nearly a hundred pounds"; but no harm resulted to its conqueror. Olmas-sai was equally lucky in an encounter with a Klepht, who greatly disliked the clergy:—

While talking two more men were led in, one a Greek priest, which seemed to excite the chief to frenzy. He told the men to serve him as he always did, and then they heated horse shoes and nailed them to the poor wretch's feet and let him go, and forced him to walk in that pitiable state. The chief said: "I serve them all so."

Readers of early legends may have observed that there is a certain sameness in the adventures of the heroes. Battles and loves succeed each other with monotony; and so it is in the cycle of Olmas-sai. The reader who would like to have a mental picture of him must not forget that his nose was crushed almost flat by an accident in a steeple-chase. When the Crimean War is over he rusts in disuse till the Franco-German affair gives him employment. He falls in love with the American widow, whose children, as she says, are in various boarding schools; and then a "lascivious" Countess of Royal family—a sister, in fact, of the bad Bavarian, who had been King of Greece—persecutes him just as Isabella did. Just as before, he fights duels, which are scarcely worth noticing in his crowded career. His Eleanor is a cheerful creature who, like Gwendolen Harleth, once crushed a canary to death, because it left her and went to another woman:—

I called and he would not come, and after a while she gave him to me, and I just took him in my hand—so—and crushed the life out of him.

Eleanor, *ma petite tigresse*, I love you for that.

It is plain that the Turk's married life will not be too tranquil. His bride—he married her "after the Episcopal form"—had cholera, during her engagement, and then visited "a famous Whey-Cure" in the Franconian Alps. When the pair were settled in Stamboul, Olmas-sai's change of faith made him unpopular, and Eleanor, as the Correspondent of the two leading American journals, was in some danger of arrest. Judging from recent experience, we might have fancied that the lives and liberty of newspaper Correspondents in Turkey were safe enough. The novel ends with a sad description of Turkish misrule, introduced quite casually, and with verses, called "Sunset in the Bosphorus":—

Beautiful Bosphorus! enchantingly wandering
Twixt grass-covered banks that charm into rest
To dreamiest quiet, delightfully pandering,
Giving the solitude still sweeter zest.

The author of *The Tame Turk* seems to have a good deal of knowledge of life at Constantinople; and we feel certain she did not invent the magical rite by which Olmas-sai's mother, "poor old thing," tried to separate him from his wife:—

Olmas-sai left her to go out upon some business, and on opening his street-door a novel sight met his eyes. On the ground at his feet were placed four lighted candles, and around them was a rope knotted into as many knots as he was years old. Inside this circle was a dead fish, from which the backbone had been removed, in the place of which was a comb with three teeth gone, and a small packet containing some of Olmas-sai's hair. The paper contained a written charm or curse, to prevent him ever entering that door again either dead or alive.

The book is well timed in point of subject, and the adventures

may interest boys; while the grown-up reader will find a sleepy charm in the extreme drowsiness of the style, as contrasted with the moving character of the incidents. One cannot say with truth that the interest never flags, for the grand display of Ottoman military and naval force, in the first volume, when the lovers are pursued by the Turkish fleet and M. d'Auteuil's house is invested by the Turkish army, is really the most telling thing in the book.

ANNALS OF WINCHCOMBE AND SUDELEY.*

NOBLE sites, as well as noble names, die out of remembrance, through the casual lack of a "vates sacer." Of Winchcombe and Sudeley, though their history stretches continuously from the days of the Saxons, perhaps even of the Romans, until now, the generally accurate and well-informed Andrew Brice, who published the *Grand Gazetteer of Great Britain* in 1759, had no more to say than that "Winchcombe had once an abbey and a mitred Abbot who sat in parliament, and that the population planted tobacco to a very good account till restrained by an act of 12th of Charles II., after which the town by little and little decayed, so that 'tis now generally poor." And yet the names of both sites were intimately bound up with the annals of England's Church and State; and neither had merited the oblivion likely to have fallen on them but for the luck of Sudeley passing into the possession of a family the wife of whose present representative has traced the story of an historic demesne and castle from its modern restoration to its earliest origin, and, while sparing no pains to render her handsome monograph as artistic as possible, has gone thoroughly into the intricacies and obscurity of its history.

Winchcombe, or, as the Domesday Book writes it, Wincelcumb, lies beneath the northern base of the Cotswolds, and was the seat of a nunnery built by Offa in 787 A.D., when it was the chief city of Mercia. Sudeley was its near neighbour; and around both are traces both of Roman and British occupation. When the Angles settled in the midlands of England, in the reign of the third Mercian king, Penda, Winchcombe appears to have been a distinct shire or county within itself. In Kenulf's day Winchcombe flourished, having a Mercian palace, a monastery for three hundred monks of less austere rule than had been practised in the nunnery for which it was substituted, and a fine abbey, consecrated in 811 by Wulfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, on which occasion the splendour of the ceremonial was enhanced by the baptism of the heir to the throne and embryo martyr, Kenelm. For the murder of the latter by his wicked sister, and the miracles which unveiled its mystery, we must refer the reader to Mrs. Dent's transcription of the Saxon MS. in the Bodleian (pp. 39-44), merely stating that St. Kenelm, after canonization, spread his fame far beyond Sudeley and Clent, the scene of the murder, all over the Midlands to Kenilworth. Plundered by Danish Vikings, Winchcombe Abbey and Monastery were restored and set to rights in the reign of Edgar, and became, we are told, so exemplary that some of their monks have the credit of having brought back the monastic way of life to Durham, York, and Whitby.

Turning to Sudeley, we find it, in the reign of Edgar's son and second successor, Ethelred II., "Royal property," and as such granted to his youngest daughter, the Countess Goda, whose husband, Walter of Mantes, held it in right of the King. It had then a forest of oaks extending three miles south and two from east to west, and a park of Saxon type—i.e. consisting of some three hundred acres girt with a stone wall, and with a manor-house in its midst. Leland tells us "there had been a Manor place at Sudeley before the Building of the Castle, and the platte is still seen at Sudeley where it stood." Of this Mrs. Dent acutely traces the traditional site, near to the spot where, in 1875, Canon Lysons discovered vestiges of a Saxon house, roads, and walls. In Canute's day Winchcombe lost its distinct shire, on incorporation with Gloucester; and on the restoration of the Saxon line in Edward the Confessor in 1042, we find Ralph the Earl, son of Goda and Walter of Mantes, the first lord of Sudeley and, amongst other offices, chief of his Norman mercenaries. His last command, however, did not redound to his honour, when, having assembled an army in 1055 to crush the armies of the rebel Alfgar, son of Leofric, and his ally Griffith Prince of Wales, which had entered Herefordshire and were raiding the Marches, he turned coward or traitor at the beginning of a battle near Hereford, and, with his mercenaries, set the English the example of flight, resulting in the spoliation and burning of the Cathedral, the slaughter of seven of its canons in their own sanctuary, and other atrocities which Ralph might have done something to avert. Ralph was succeeded the next year by his son Harold, the Lord of Sudeley mentioned in Domesday; and in the same reign Winchcombe was made a borough, with a portreeve, changed under Norman rule for a bailiff. It was in Edward the Confessor's reign, and probably at his sister Goda's instigation, that Godric, son of Goodman, the King's chaplain, was made "Abbot of Winchcombe," on St. Kenelm's festival, and, as Mrs. Dent seems to imply, the spread of monasteries on all sides—at Evesham, Pershore, Tewkesbury, Hailes, Cleve, Cirencester, and Gloucester—may well have given rise to the curious, but cherished, adage, "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire." After the Conquest Harold's "earldom of Hereford" was transferred to William Fitz-

* *Annals of Winchcombe and Sudeley*. By Emma Dent. London: John Murray. 1877.

Osborne, but the family was allowed to retain the great possessions which he held in Warwickshire, as well as his chief seat, which, according to Domesday, was at Sudeley. Harold's sons were John, who succeeded him and married Grace, daughter of William Tracy, a natural son of Henry I., and Robert of Ewyas, whose descendants in the female line were ancestors of the Brydges family, subsequent owners of Sudeley. In the reign of Stephen, a time of civil war and castle-building, Sudeley was made a castle, with more than a thousand others; and the neighbouring Winchcombe became a frequent scene of conflict. Of the castle all that now remains is the low embattled tower under Katharine Parr's room, with perhaps the traces of the old tilting-ground.

We must jump to the latter part of Henry III.'s reign, and the time when Sir Bartholomew de Sudeley was Governor of Hereford Castle and Sheriff of Herefordshire. It was a thriving time, it seems, for Sudeley, which had at this time a manor and a market, held in the *Forbury*, a name for land lying between the Castle and the Tythebarn, which Sudeley has in common with Reading and Leominster. Winchcombe, too, had a Booth-hall and a Guildhall, and an extensive manufacture of cloth. It was now most probably that the church, burnt in Stephen's reign, was restored. Bartholomew died in 1274, and his son John, who was twenty-two at his father's death, attended Edward I. to Gascony, and afterwards to Carlisle, to fight against the Scots. To this period Mrs. Dent refers the rhyming proverb of "The Devil was sick, &c.," as based on grants to Winchcombe Monastery made in his supposed mortal sickness by one John Palmer, which he would fain have revoked, had his recovery not been followed by a relapse. A great granddaughter of this John, in 1367, carried Sudeley by marriage to the Boteler family. Of the Botelers the most considerable and prominent in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. both in the field and in council was Ralph, the grandson of Thomas, the first who succeeded to the estate. He was much employed in the wars with France, was promoted to divers high offices of State at home, created Baron Sudeley in 1441, and in the two years next following sent with others to treat of peace with the French. On the fall of Henry VI. he retired from Parliament, and employed his leisure in rebuilding Sudeley Castle, at the cost of his war prizes by sea from the French. The Portuare Tower is said to take its name from the French admiral, his prisoner; and a good part of the castle was built *ex spoliis Gallorum*. Besides this, he was a liberal church benefactor, building Sudeley Chapel, it is suggested, in humble imitation of his Royal master's College Chapel at Cambridge, and liberally aiding the parishioners and abbot of Winchcombe to restore their parish church. But when the Yorkists prevailed at St. Albans and elsewhere, Ralph Boteler had again to gird on his sword, only to find his party crushed, and his estate forfeited. "King Edward," says Leland, "bore no good will to the Lord of Sudeley, whereupon, by complaints, he was attached, and, going up to London, he looked from the hill of Sudeley, and said, 'Sudeley Castle, thou art the traitor, not I!'" He was not allowed to end his days in his newly-erected castle, but lived to see Richard Duke of Gloucester installed in it, and was permitted, five years before Ralph's death, to exchange it with Edward, his King and brother, for Richmond Castle in Yorkshire. On Henry VII.'s accession, it was given by him, with many other castles and lands in England and Wales, to his uncle, guardian, and staunch partner in exile, Jasper Tudor, Jasper of Hatfield, the Earl of Pembroke, who was created Duke of Bedford, and loaded with honours and functions which must have interfered with his quiet enjoyment of so goodly a demesne, though his wife, Elizabeth Woodville's sister, may have found in it a retreat.

In Henry VIII.'s reign came the dissolution of Winchcombe, notwithstanding the eminence and distinction of its penultimate abbot, Richard Kyderminster, who wrote a treatise to prove the sacredness of the persons of clerks, and a valuable history of his monastery, lost in the Fire of London. The most interesting occupant of Sudeley is the sixth and last wife of Henry VIII., Queen Katharine Parr, the widow of two husbands before she wedded Royalty, and, after a brief and blameless union with Henry, the wife in post haste, so to speak, of a former lover, Sir John Seymour, the courtly and fascinating Lord High Admiral, and brother of Katharine Seymour. He had first proposed for the Princess Elizabeth; but in four days after her reply that "she had neither the years nor the inclination to marry," was the accepted lover of the "first Protestant Queen," whose only failing seems really to have been a weakness for the stronger sex. Mrs. Dent gives the history of Seymour, with interesting details, and full particulars of the restoration of Sudeley Castle for his Royal bride, which he carried out. It was here, while they kept princely state, and the Queen Dowager encouraged by countenance and the example of her own learning and authorship, Coverdale, Parkhurst, and the lights of the Reformation, observing devotions to which Seymour, gay and volatile, was a sore marplot, that Katharine bore her fourth husband a much-longed-for infant, a daughter, of whom the memorial at Sudeley is an elaborate Tudor Gothic window still called the Nursery Window; but the mother died within seven days of the child's birth, a year and a half after Henry VIII., and in only her thirty-sixth year. It seems to be the general verdict of historians that the Lady Mary, the child which cost the first Protestant Queen her life, died young and unmarried. Katharine was buried at Sudeley, though Henry VIII. had willed that she should rest in his own vault at Windsor. Not, indeed, that she rested in peace at Sudeley until after many desecrations of her remains, which

were only secured from further outrage when transferred in 1817 to the Sudeley stone-vault of the Chandos family. Of this race came the next, and almost the latest historic, owners of Sudeley, beginning with Sir John Brydges, Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VIII., the custodian of Lady Jane Grey, and the first Lord Chandos of Sudeley; whilst the third lord, Giles, thrice entertained Royalty in the progresses of Elizabeth; and the sixth, and most famous, George, was Lord of Sudeley during the struggles between Charles I. and his Parliament, a period more destructive to it than any since the wars of Stephen. In supporting his King, George Chandos again and again lost and recovered Sudeley, not of course without serious dilapidation. At Newbury he had three steeds killed under him; but at last he seems to have tired of sacrifices for the Royal cause, and in 1644 escaped the Parliamentary sequestration by paying a fine, forsaking the King, and taking the Covenant. After this had been tediously settled, and Sudeley Castle "slighted" or rendered untenable as a military post, Lord Chandos went abroad, and with him, though after some ten years more of an uneasy harassed life, and a burial with his ancestors at Sudeley, the glory of his house departed. From the Chandos family Sudeley passed by marriage into that of the Pitts of Stratfieldsaye, one of whom in 1802 obtained a patent as Lord Rivers of Sudeley. Richard Grenville, afterwards surnamed Brydges Chandos, advanced to the dukedom of Buckingham and Chandos in 1822, purchased of Lord Rivers in 1810 the castle and sixty acres of land. In 1830 the bulk of the Sudeley estates was purchased by private contract of Lord Rivers by John and William Dent, and the castle and remaining acreage of the Duke of Buckingham seven years later. It is to these worthy men and loving archaeologists, and their nephew and heir, that Sudeley owes the restoration of its church and castle, and the fitting altar-tomb of Katharine Parr erected in the chapel. Nor this only; with the wealth which they knew how to use, they collected and arranged in fitting historic parts of the restored castle the pictures by great masters of Henry VIII., Queen Katharine Parr, Elizabeth, Mary, Lady Jane Grey, and other famous personages connected with the remembrance of old Sudeley, and spared no pains to make it a noble memorial of a glorious, if chequered, past.

We are greatly indebted to the taste and zeal of the author of this interesting book, who seems to have pressed into her service the skilful aid of clever, and in some cases kindred, photographic artists and draughtsmen, and has illustrated her pages with thousands of curious relics worthy of preservation. Not the least valuable part of her collections is that which consists in charters and other like documents, and in records of such customs as the Winchcombe Curfew, the whipping-post, and the ducking-stool.

THE NEW DRILL-BOOK.*

A TECHNICAL work of this kind would, a comparatively short time ago, have had little interest except for men belonging to the regular army; but our military organization has of late years become so much enlarged, and includes so many descriptions of forces, that any change in its tactics influences, directly or indirectly, many who are not professional soldiers; whilst a popular interest in the subject is created by recent wars, the incidents of which are now so graphically described. Ever since the introduction of breechloaders, and especially since the Franco-German war, the tactics of infantry, more particularly as regards attack, have been eagerly discussed. The German and French writers on the subject—especially the former—have been closely studied, and many experiments have been made by officers in command both of large and small bodies of troops. After considerable hesitation a system of attack has at length been officially recognized, and forms the principal addition to the new Field Exercise Book; for small and irritating alterations in existing regulations have been mercifully avoided, and only what is really necessary superadded to the former edition. No doubt the new system will receive ample criticism from the exponents of purely professional opinion; but it is with principles rather than with details that we propose to deal, since, viewed broadly, the new regulations affect far more than the mere movements of bodies of men.

Soon after the Prusso-Austrian war a remarkable and incisive treatise, written by a lieutenant in the Prussian army, and entitled *A Tactical Retrospect of the War of 1866*, drew attention to the changes which breechloaders had necessitated in the conduct of an attack. The accurately shooting rifle had added to the powers of the defence; but the introduction of a weapon that allowed men to reload without halting appeared, partially at least, to redress the balance, if sufficient elasticity were given to those who used it. The treatise was vehemently criticized; but the experience of the Franco-German war showed that in the main its conclusions were founded on correct principles, and that, if properly handled, good infantry ought to be able to attack successfully. The problems to be solved were how to bring the greatest amount of fire to bear on the enemy with the least exposure, and how to make good the losses, as well as to ensure an increase of force as the ultimate point of attack came to be approached. To solve this problem certain principles gradually developed themselves. It was found that, owing to the necessarily extended formations, greater responsibility would have to be thrown on the commanders of small bodies of

* *Field Exercise and Evolutions of Infantry, as Revised.* 1877.

men. It followed that officers, and even non-commissioned officers, should be more carefully trained in habits of command, and taught what may be termed tactics, in contradistinction to mere drill; whilst the men themselves should be instructed, if possible individually, so that they might act not as mere machines, but as soldiers whose minds as well as bodies were in good training and condition. A second great principle was that men once engaged could not be relieved under fire, but that their moral and physical strength must be supported and augmented by reinforcements from the rear. These two axioms having been fixed, a modification between the light infantry and the close order drill was determined on as an addition to, and not as a substitute for, the existing drill. The first line of attack, after the artillery has well searched out the enemy's position, is now to be made by battalions in columns, covering the extent occupied by them when deployed into line, and formed of a first line, supports, and reserves; each body closing up to the one in its front as the enemy's fire creates losses, and as his position is approached. The second line may be formed from another brigade, or from battalions of the same brigade, whilst, as regards the division, the third line, under the disposition of the general of division, is composed of only one battalion. If the position cannot be carried by a portion of the first line, the supports and reserves are to be brought up at the discretion of the regimental officers. If the second line be required, the general in command will order it to advance; the principle being that by a direct or by a flank attack, which may be made either by the second or third line, the troops are to be pushed forward until the enemy is driven back. Of course, by thus feeding the first lines some confusion must be created, as the units of command become intermingled, and many ingenious devices have been proposed to diminish or prevent this inconvenience; but those who have seen war know full well that no attack can be made without the confusion and intermingling of the troops engaged, and that it is far better to recognize this fact, and to accustom officers and men to deal with it in peace evolutions, than to cling to tactics which may be pretty in their regularity, but will not bear the test of war. It is in additional energy and increased intelligence on the part of officers and men that the true remedy for confusion is to be found, and the more this fact is insisted upon the greater will be the offensive powers of our infantry. Exact and accurate drill is as necessary to the recruit as the grammar to the student of a language. It establishes a foundation for subsequent instruction, whilst at the same time disciplining the mind as well as the body; but hitherto we have stopped short at the grammar, and have not carried the soldier, nor even the officer, beyond the rudiments of his work. Credit was given to an officer for being what is called a "smart drill," but his powers of affording tactical information to those under his command were seldom or never tested. Even in the new regulations traces of the struggle between the old school and the new, and of the compromises which differences of opinion have occasioned, may be descried by those who can read between the lines. We still cling to the two colours for each battalion, and even detach a section to take special charge of them, although, if there is to be confusion, and if colours are considered necessary (on which we may have something to say on a future occasion), the place where they might be of service would be with the main body, pushed up as the last fighting line of the battalion. It might even be inferred from the definition of tactics at page 285 that commanding officers of infantry battalions, except when working with cavalry and artillery, are to confine their instruction simply to drill. This cannot, however, be really meant, as many battalions would thus be entirely cut off from any teaching beyond that of the most elementary character. These are, however, only incidental drawbacks in a work containing much that savours of progress; and all who value professional training must hail with satisfaction those parts of the new drill book which contain rules and regulations for tactical operations. The chapters on outposts afford much useful instruction, and are well drawn up, as, without hampering officers with precise rules, they yet lay down with sufficient distinctness the system which is to be pursued by our infantry in performing one of the most important of its duties.

Some little misconception may arise between the directions for attack and those for skirmishing, especially as no provision appears to be made, even by implication, for converting the advance of a battalion in skirmishing formation into a serious attack. Yet this is a contingency that must frequently be met, as battles are often developed from an affair of the advanced guard, without time or opportunity for the careful dispositions to which the Field-Exercise Book appears to refer. In order to deal with this tactical necessity, as well as to point out how the defence is to be converted into the offence, or rather how an attack is to be met by a counter attack from a defensive position, some additions to the book appear to be required; the education of officers cannot, however, now be limited to a mere knowledge of drill and elementary tactics, and they must search for further information by studying war either in the field or from carefully prepared accounts of its incidents. But the present Field-Exercise Book goes beyond former editions, and treats of subjects hitherto untouched. It lays down the constitution and the tactical formation of a division and of a *corps d'armée*. With regard to the division, two methods of formation for attack are given; one where the first brigade forms the first line and the second brigade the second line, leaving one battalion (which by an anomaly seems to be the battalion of rifles) in reserve; the other where the first line is to be formed of the stronger portion of the two brigades, supported by a battalion

of each brigade. These tactical formations appear to involve an important principle. If, in a division, the second line is formed of a separate brigade, the orders to reinforce the first line or to make a flank attack will be given by the divisional general. If, on the other hand, it is only a portion of the brigades in the first line, the moment for reinforcing will probably rest with the brigadiers. These and other points will, however, decide themselves in actual service, and the proper application of the drill book must depend on the character of those in command, just as the instruction of battalions will rest in great measure on the requirements of inspecting generals. If smartness in drill be taken as the sole test of the efficiency of battalions, regimental officers will confine their attention chiefly to ensuring this smartness. If, on the other hand, inspecting officers require a knowledge of tactics, and an appreciation of the spirit as well as of the letter of military movements, commanding officers must study those portions of the drill book which advance beyond the rudiments of professional training. In practice there are doubtless difficulties to be overcome; space for manœuvring is scarce, and the everyday routine of army work takes up much time; but where there is a will there is a way, and an impulse from above will materially affect the whole machine, especially as at the present time there is every desire on the part of the officers of the English army to keep up with the times, and to exercise and perfect the efficiency of the several arms of the service to which they belong.

CLEANSING FIRES.*

NO one can complain that this book fails in interest through too strict a regard for the unities. On the contrary, we are a little bewildered in the beginning by the hydra-headed character of the plot and the rapid changes of scenery. The first two chapters introduce us to "the Travellers," Nugent Munroe, an advertisement in cipher, and a secret love affair with Nesta Mordant the actress, living down at Richmond; then we are hurried off to a place called Leverton, where we make acquaintance with the Escotts, the Hazletines, and the Trevellians, and learn the several skeletons as well as loves and hopes and fears and regrets connected with these three families; after which we come back to London and Clapham, where we are shown weak Mrs. Hargrave, her formidable daughter Judith, and ungainly Mr. Frank Allington, who loves the latter—one of the coarsest and most disagreeable young people with whom we have ever had a literary acquaintance; and whose power of exciting love, beyond the charm that may lie in a fine pair of bold eyes and unconcealed sensuality, we cannot exactly make out. All these threads have, of course, to be twined into one braid; a work requiring more skillful hands than Mrs. Sears possesses to be even moderately successful as a work of art.

The ethical meaning of *Cleansing Fires* is the virtue to be found in sorrow for the one part, and, for the other, in doing wrong that the value of repentance may be made manifest. But her people are such an exceptionally silly set that we cannot feel much sympathy for their sufferings, and have still less admiration for their repentance. Taking Mrs. Monica Hazletine as perhaps the most important of the female characters, what do we find? A woman, presumably sane, fretting herself into a highly tragic and utterly undomestic state of mind, because her husband is an undemonstrative kind of person and does not like her to "gush"; is bored when she kisses him too often; prefers that the servants shall do the little personal offices required by him when he returns home, rather than that his wife should run for his slippers (did he change his boots in the drawing-room?), and expects, as it seems to us reasonably enough, but to Monica heartlessly, not to say brutally, that her girlish transports of delight in her new possession "will wear off by and by, and she will settle down, like all other women, into a sober, steady matron." There is no hint given that he does not love her. On the contrary, he is all that is substantially kind and good, only, being "of an undemonstrative and peculiarly reserved nature himself, he wished that she should return his affection in like manner, little dreaming of the depth of feeling she carried under a stately exterior." From the day when he tells her that the servant is to bring his slippers, and that he "might as well have married one of those little golden-haired nonentities" as this gushing wife who kneels at his feet to do him service, adding, justly enough, "it looks the more absurd in you, for you are naturally dignified and almost regal, darling"—she shrinks from him "hurt most bitterly." After this she gains a clearer insight into his character, and learns "by slow degrees and painful experience that, if she wished to keep his love, she must curb her own, and not allow it to become obtrusive and an annoyance to him." But she did not relish her new lesson:—

Little did Godfrey guess, in those few first months, how the heart of his girl wife ached, and hungered, refusing to be satisfied with his calm, quiet kiss, and how she had to bite her lips and still her heart-throbs when she heard his footstep, lest she should throw her arms round his neck, and clinging to him, murmur her delight at seeing him; after a long day spent alone.

At the end of three years, Godfrey Hazletine did not complain of his wife's demonstrativeness and too eager affection: on the contrary, he was sometimes conscious of a new strange feeling within him, that prompted him to draw her to him, but she had entrenched herself with so cold a reserve, had

* *Cleansing Fires*. A Novel. By Mrs. Newton Sears, Author of "Kismet." 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1877.

hemmed herself in with so icy and frigid a hauteur, that he did not care to venture. Obedient to his slightest demand, she never now crystallised his wishes. Fearing to offend at first, anxious lest she should annoy, she had at length ceased to feel any inclination for what had once been her greatest delight.

After this she resolves not to love any one or anything again, and even when her child is born holds herself in hand, because, as she says in a harrowing soliloquy, "Oh, my babe, if I am cold and hard, it is because I do not dare to love you, because I have vowed never to loosen the flood-gates of my heart's affections again—never, so long as I live, to subject myself to the awful agony of seeing those I worship grow indifferent to me." And this is what passes with the author of *Cleansing Fires* for a rational exposition of human nature! As we confess that our sympathies lie with Godfrey, the calm and equable husband, rather than with his volcanic wife, we extract the speech made to him by his wife wherein she lays bare her griefs. Surely a woman's wrongs could scarcely be less!—

He continued—

"In the first days of our marriage, you were fretful and exigent—"

She interrupted him with a curious smile, tender at the recollection, scornful at the mockery the past had grown to be to her now.

"You are right," she said; "fretful and exigent I suppose I was. I know I used to weep when you left me, and count the hours until you returned. I could not bear your absence then—only think of it now;" with a discordant laugh. "I was wretched without you—I watched for your coming—I loved to sit on your knee, and twine my fingers among your curly hair—to lay my cheek to yours—to feel your heart's quick beats against my own—to nestle in your arms; fancy! Was I not a fool to make such trifles my paradise? But that day has gone by, and even you, Godfrey, unreasonable as you are, can no longer taunt me with barding you with caresses, overwhelming you with my love! Yet, husband, did you know how, in moulding me into your notion of an orthodox wife, you have succeeded in crushing out every spark of affection for you in my breast, perhaps you might pause, and ask yourself if it were a wise thing to do."

He is roused in right good earnest now. Softened by the passionless ring of what was worse than sorrow in her tone—a calm indifference, he tries to speak, but his voice is husky and choked.

Of course we know what must come when things get to this state, and accordingly Monica falls in love with Nugent Munroe, who, an iceberg to his own lawful volcano, if a flirt to every one else, finds plenty of warmth for Mrs. Hazletine. For in this queer book all the women are inflammable, and at least two of the men are icy. Monica soon confesses to herself that she is in love with Nugent, though she struggles against her passion—at least, the author says so—as "that new love that is dawning on her soul is no longer pure, holy, and legitimate, and to nourish it will be a crime in the eyes of her mother and her fellow-men"; but, save when she quarrels with her husband, who wants her to go to a theatre and she hangs back because Nugent Munroe will be there, we do not find much evidence of her strife, though, as "Nugent Munroe would almost as soon have thought of taking a journey to the moon as of making love to his neighbour's wife," we suppose there is not much encouragement given her.

The silliest part of this amazingly silly book belongs to the episode of the fire where Nugent saves Monica and Nesta Mordaunt saves Godfrey, and where Godfrey, fearfully hurt, is taken to a certain house to be nursed well while his wife and all his friends believe that he is dead. Monica puts on widow's weeds, makes acquaintance with her hitherto neglected baby, and receives the attentions of Mr. Nugent Munroe with something rather more than approbation. Godfrey, who, instead of writing to her, as any man in his senses would have done, to tell her where and how he is, comes back without a word of warning, to find her and Nugent making love in the garden. The love-making for so very new a widow, who only a year or so ago had been a passionately devoted wife, is, to say the least of it, remarkable. "An earnest passionate face bent over a woman's downcast one; small trembling hands clasped tightly between broad palms; a low voice murmuring perhaps the rarest eloquence that ever fell from man's lips, and then—a proud head resting on a triumphant lover's bosom"—his fevered lips pressed on her his scarlet ones," "her blood coursed through her veins, and her pulses throbbled at a speed which even her nature, passionate as it was, had never known, beneath the fervour of his kiss, and the mere touch of his fingers thrilled her with positive pain," &c. &c. The picture is not a pretty one; but at least it has the merit of frankness.

Frida Escott, otherwise Winifred, is heroine the second. She is in love with Harry Trevellian, and he also with her; but she is by far the more demonstrative and volcanic of the two; and when the boy's father comes between them, forgets all that we should have supposed a girl would have remembered, in her childish despair at losing her plaything. These two idiots run away and get married in a highly absurd manner, but we confess not to have disentangled the difficulties which arise afterwards. There is something about missing letters and consequent despair, but how or why we do not rightly understand. The old squire dies, however, after having done a great deal of hard swearing, and leaves all his fortune to his niece, the handsome Judith with the bold black eyes, between whom and her son he has tried to get up a marriage that he may not pay the girl a legacy of five thousand pounds left her by his brother. A devoted female servant destroys the will, and her drunken husband makes a raid on the strong room, believing that it is only hidden. Judith becomes transformed into an angel of grace after having been uncommonly like the other thing, and marries Frank Allington from inclination as well as necessity. Monica and Godfrey are reconciled, and we may suppose that he consents to be kissed and have his hair

pulled as often as his wife desires; and the "Cleansing Fires," after having burnt all these silly puppets clear, burn themselves out into "the end," which we accept as the most satisfactory words in the book.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has brought out a second series of his *Critical Miscellanies**, containing essays on France in the eighteenth century, Robespierre, Turgot, John Stuart Mill, Macaulay, and Popular Culture, reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, with revision, and in some cases with additions. This is no doubt, at first sight, a medley of subjects; but there is a clearly marked spirit and purpose in the treatment of them which gives coherence and unity to the volume, and proves that the writer is not dealing with isolated topics taken by themselves, but with such as serve, in one way or another, to explain and illustrate his theories as to the principles on which social progress should be carried on. His object, in fact, in the present, as in the former, series is to show what are the permanent elements contributed to national thought by various thinkers, and the relation in which they stand to great contemporary movements. Hence these volumes have an interest and value which would perhaps hardly be expected from their fragmentary appearance, and which places them above the ordinary run of magazine literature, and fully justifies their reproduction in a collected form. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of Mr. Morley's views on certain points, and the bias which they disclose, it must be acknowledged that, while exercising an independent judgment, he is strictly impartial in placing before his readers the materials for forming their own conclusions. The article on the state of France in the eighteenth century is a review of M. Taine's History, in which he combats the view of that writer that the great Revolution was caused by the general advance of speculative philosophy, holding, for his own part, that it was only the natural and inevitable result of the general disorder and misery which had been steadily spreading over the country. Then there is a sketch of Robespierre, based on the recent work of M. d'Héricault, followed by a long and elaborate study of Turgot's character and philosophy, a subject to which Mr. Morley has given special attention. In historical sequence the latter article ought to have preceded the other two, which show the course of events which Turgot predicted; but apart from this they present a clear and able survey of the social and political character of that important period of French history. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this collection is the articles on John Stuart Mill, which bear the marks of confidential intimacy and sympathetic insight. Mr. Morley seems to think that Mill was a modern revival of the type represented by Turgot; but, though he brings out a certain similarity of mind between the two on various points, he leaves out of account that Turgot was a working statesman who produced great results, while Mill was nothing but a mere theorist, whose only merit lay in his lucid interpretation of other people's ideas; and, except when he went wrong on such questions as the rights of women, and the uselessness, if not mischief, of religion, had few claims to originality. It ought to be said, however, that, with all his reverent admiration of Mill, Mr. Morley does not blindly accept the philosopher's estimate of the effects of religion, but exposes its weak points. The article on Macaulay is written in rather a contemptuous tone, and shows that the writer has failed to appreciate Macaulay's general character and capacity, and his services to his generation. He was certainly not akin to the Turgots and Mills; but he had his own place and did good work in the world. This paper was written before the publication of Mr. Trevelyan's admirable biography, which has shed so much light on his uncle's life and brought out new aspects of the man; but Mr. Morley states in a note that, having read the book, he sees no epithet to alter in what he formerly wrote. It is a curious example of his way of looking at things that he should have preferred to take his measure of Macaulay before, instead of after, the appearance of valuable evidence which he knew was to be forthcoming immediately. The truth is that Mr. Morley slights Macaulay's genuine qualities and real value simply because he does not correspond to an ideal of his own. It is made a reproach to Macaulay that he wanted that "touching and impressive quality—the presentiment of the eve, a feeling of the difficulties and interests that will engage and distract mankind on the morrow;" that he is "the hero of a past which is already remote, and did little to make men better fitted to face a present of which, close as it was to him, he seems hardly to have dreamed." This, however, is obviously to leave out of account Macaulay's usefulness and adaptation to his own generation both in politics and literature, and to blame him for being silent on problems which had not then presented themselves, as they have since, to the public mind. He made no pretensions to be a great speculative philosopher, but within his own range he did a great deal to cultivate sound and manly public spirit and the best traditions of national character. Yet, though many persons may not quite share all Mr. Morley's opinions, the book may be recommended as a most interesting and suggestive and readable volume.

Although the circumstances attending the original issue of *White's Falstaff's Letters*† probably precluded its success in his

* *Critical Miscellanies*. Second Series. By John Morley. Chapman & Hall.

† *Falstaff's Letters*. By James White. Robson.

own day, it is strange that a work which was persistently lauded by Lamb should have been so long neglected. Of course many people know about White's *jeu d'esprit* from Lamb's references; but the book itself seems to have practically disappeared within a year after it was published, and few persons had any acquaintance with it save at secondhand. A copy was indeed sold at the Roxburgh sale for five guineas; and Lamb, even when he could little afford to spend a sixpence, loyally made a point of buying the book whenever he discovered it in the refuse of a book-stall, in order to present it to a friend in the hope of making a convert. This, Talfourd says, was the way in which he came by his copy; but, for all that, the book fell out of sight. Its revival at the present time in a *verbatim et literatim* reprint of the edition of 1736 will therefore be a comparative novelty to many readers, who will now have a chance of enjoying it. James White is perhaps best known as the Good Samaritan commemorated by Elia, who instituted, and kept up till his death, a feast of little chimney-sweepers at a supper held in the cattle-pens of Smithfield at the time of that annual fair. In these extemporized parlours there were three tables, at each of which a comely hostess presided over a pan of hissing sausages. White presided, as head-waiter, with Lamb, Bigod, and others as assistants; the young sweeps gave themselves up with much zest to this delightful entertainment; and White's good humour and droll remarks made a scene of general merriment. White had been at Christ's Hospital with Lamb and Coleridge, and afterwards held an office there; and he was also socially a popular man, which makes it the more remarkable that his book should at its birth have excited so little notice. The title of the work varied in the two small editions which were produced in 1736 and 1797, the earlier one being "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and his Friends, now first made public by a Gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine Manuscripts, which have been in the possession of the Quickly family near four hundred years," and the second title being much the same, except that it was abbreviated, and included a dedication to "Master Samuel Irelande," the Shakespeare forger. This dedication has been supposed to indicate an intention of bringing Ireland into ridicule; but it would seem that it was only an attempt to secure attention to the work by connecting it with an affair that excited much interest at the time. The letters were really composed as a supplement to Shakespeare's grotesque group of Falstaff and his companions. Such a task was certainly a bold one; and it is surprising how well White succeeded. Among the best letters are those of Falstaff to Prince Henry, in which he gives a satirical picture of old Shallow, and a series of fictions as to his own heroic efforts to raise recruits for the Crown; which is followed by one from the Bishop of Winchester, who reports to the Prince that Sir John and his crew of disorderly retainers had one day interrupted the service by their clamour for bread and wine; that he had "profanely tendered a copper groat as an oblation, and libidinally drunk with carnal appetite the blood of his Redeemer." The Bishop also mentions that, while by statute none was allowed to hunt unpossessed of certain hereditary lands, "this knight, who had not the substance of a pace, has, under the cloak of your Highness's sacred name, loosed his hounds to every demesne; and that his soldiers, the curbing yoke of discipline being slipped from their franchised necks, yerk at the imprescript but sacred laws of society, and bleed the unredressed peasantry." It is also hinted that Sir John, or some of his followers, stole the silver candlesticks dedicated to the service of the holy Virgin.

*A Dream of the Gironde** is a poem of considerable power and beauty, and certainly much above the average of the day. The picture of Mme. Roland is a very delicate and pathetic one, and comes out well defined. On the eve of the events which were to be fatal to her, she looks back to the time when she was young:—

A merry child, yet thoughtful 'midst my glee,
And bearing still about me a faint trace
Of heaven, I left with tears—and a dim glance
(They tell me) of that heaven in pensive eyes,
And brow attuned to wonder, and low voice,
Which ever knocked at hearts, and craved a place:
In joy or sorrow—only just a place—
A little niche—a cranny—there to rest—
Nor feel alone in this wide earth of tears.
And still that feeling lives, and still it leads
Me from the abstract to the personal:
I feel the urging of my woman soul
Against the man's strong will must endure
Tho' east from kindred hearts, and all alone
Forced to toil on.

And she prays that God would

—tear this woman heart.
Destroy all merely personal loving,
And take away this thirsting for one heart away from me.
My mother's gift, my sweet dead mother's gift.

But she cannot shake off her nature. She has intense sympathy with the cause of Liberty, but fears a deluge of blood will ruin it. This was also the opinion of her husband and other leading Girondists, but Robespierre had another plan in view, and while they trusted in him he betrayed them. The sketches of the King, Marie Antoinette, and Mme. Elisabeth are rather shadowy, and so indeed are most of the other characters except the heroine. Even her husband comes out weakly. When she proposes that he

* *A Dream of the Gironde; and other Poems.* By Evelyn Pyne. Smith, Elder, & Co.

should escape alone, he agrees to do so too easily and complacently. She herself resolves to show that a woman can be brave; and when going to the tribunal she confesses to the gaoler that she is

—still enough the woman to take count
Of ruffled hair, and carelessness of dress,
Or misplaced ribbon 'mid life's tragedy.

And so she dies, with calm courage, as the child of Liberty.

Mr. Humphry's object in putting forth his Handbook to the University of Cambridge* is to give to students or parents a general idea of the ways of the place. After a description of the general constitution of the University and the Colleges, he gives an account of the arrangements for the students who have since 1869 been admitted members of the former without being required to enter a college. They are under the general supervision of a Censor appointed by the Non-Collegiate Students' Board, and reside in lodgings licensed by the University, or in the Cavendish College, an institution recently established for the reception of students who desire to pass through the University a few years younger than the usual age. The total original outlay of an ordinary Freshman who enters at a college, exclusive of caution money, is at least 26*l.*; and Mr. Humphry quotes the following estimate by the writer of another guide to the University as to the lowest rate of annual expenditure for a pensioner in college (not including expenses in vacation, the original outlay, or various fees for examination and for admission to the B.A. degree, which fees amount during the prescribed course to upwards of 11*l.*):—college bills, 8*ol.*; grocer and bookseller, 12*l.*; travelling to and from Cambridge, 6*l.*; pocket-money, 10*l.*; personal expenses and entertainments, 30*l.*—total, 138*l.* Warning, however, is given that this can only be accomplished by those who exercise strict economy and abstain from many of the social advantages of the University, although an economical student can for 200*l.* a year enjoy these to a reasonable extent. The Censor has published facts which prove that students of this class who reside only the minimum period required in each term, and exercise strict economy, are able to keep below 50*l.* per annum, exclusive of travelling, clothes, and other personal expenses. Lists are then given of pecuniary rewards, rules of discipline, professors and teachers, University institutions, local examinations, and of the special advantages which University men possess in qualifying for the Church, the army, the Bar, or the Solicitors' body, or the Colleges of Physicians or Surgeons. The previous examination is accepted as a test of general knowledge by the Medical Council and most of the licensing bodies; and attendance at Addenbrooke's Hospital, and on the anatomical, classical, and other lectures delivered by the professors, and dissection in the anatomical school, are recognized by the licensing bodies in London as well as by the University, so that the student may complete the earlier part of his medical education in Cambridge at a very cheap rate.

Mr. Nathan Cole, a practical gardener, who has charge of the Gardens of Kensington Palace†, has reprinted a series of articles which he contributed to the *Journal of Horticulture*, giving a view of the history and present condition of the Royal Parks and Gardens of London, with hints on the propagation and culture of the plants employed, the artistic arrangement of colours, and so on. The gardens of Buckingham Palace come first; they are about fifty acres in extent, of which half is grass, and a pleasant picture is drawn of their attractions, including a considerable breadth of ornamental water and islets, rustic bridges, and fine trees and shrubs, so that "one might believe oneself to be a hundred miles in the country among the most beautiful natural scenery, were it not for the distant, but rather faint, sound of the traffic in the adjoining streets." These grounds used to be devoted in the time of the later Georges to dairy purposes; but the Prince Consort had them laid out in the English style as a park and gardens. It also includes "wilder scenes, where we are hemmed in between thickets, and anon enjoying a charming view from the crown of a hill, and again find ourselves in a deep hollow among ferns and grasses, and a tangle of flowering and trailing plants." Kensington Gardens comprise 250 acres; and the lines of trees that form the avenues running far round to the east, north-east, and south-east, were planted about half a century ago. In various parts of the grounds there are massive trees, one a Wych elm, with a knotty trunk about six feet in diameter, and another a beech, 120 ft. in height with a trunk which, up to six feet from the ground, is 12 feet in circumference. These Gardens were almost private in the reign of George II., the public being admitted only on Saturdays, when the King and Court were absent, and then in full-dress costume. Mr. Cole is lavish in his praises of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington, as "planned with good taste, and eminently adapted for promenade by numerous intersections of grass and gravel walks, highly embellished fountains, basins, canals, cascades, terraces, flights of steps, alcoves, and parapets; sloping lawns, and a variety of surface, producing pleasing effects." It may, however, be objected to this description that these gardens have no right to be classed as Royal, that title being a mere formal one such as is applied to theatres; and, further, that horticulture has been rather disgraced than advanced by the style of gardening adopted at South Kensington. Nor is the Garden of the Botanic Society a royal estate, though it deserves commendation for its beautiful

* *The Student's Handbook to the University of Cambridge.* By A. P. Humphry, M.A., Esquire Bedell Trinity College. Deighton, Bell, & Co.

† *The Royal Parks and Gardens of London, their History and Mode of Embellishment.* By Nathan Cole. "Journal of Horticulture" Office.

grounds and good management, as compared with the jobbery and inefficiency of the Horticultural Society. The writer also includes in his work the Victoria and Battersea Parks. The chapters on Hyde, St. James's, and the Green Parks, Hampton Court and Kew Gardens, are interesting, and so is that on the trees of London.

Messrs. Bacon have published a very complete and useful Guide to London*, in which practical information as to the chief places of interest is given in a clear, concise, and well-digested manner, together with an index and a conveyance guide, showing how to get to any part of the metropolis. It is also illustrated with woodcuts, which, though diminutive, give a good idea of the look of places and buildings. Of course such a work is intended only for the stranger and sight-seer, who wants to be told what there is to see and how to see it as he goes about.

A *Handbook of the Midland Great Western Railway, and Guide to Connemara and the West of Ireland*† supplies tourists with particulars as to the transit to and from Ireland, and the circular tours which may be made there, so that they can get about in a comfortable way, and without loss of time. It has bold maps and illustrations.

Messrs. Collins's little Atlas of England and Wales‡ includes a general map of the country, and detailed maps of the various counties, clearly printed, and not overcrowded. The Parliamentary divisions, railways, roads, and canals are distinctly marked.

Captain Hayes explains that he has written his notes on the pathology and treatment of the more frequent diseases of horses § not for the purpose of encouraging amateur treatment where the aid of a veterinary surgeon can be procured, but because he thinks that the more the subject is understood by owners of horses, the more attention will they bestow on their health and comfort, and the more they will be ready to avail themselves of professional advice. The work is written in a clear and practical way.

Dr. West, the founder of the Hospital for Sick Children, has published, for the benefit of that useful charity, a work on hospital organization, with special reference to such institutions ||, giving an interesting account of the various internal arrangements. On the question of the general administration of such a hospital Dr. West holds that it cannot be advantageously entrusted to a sisterhood, inasmuch as, in the first place, the control of the nurses and the correspondence which that entails upon the superintendent is as much as one person can do well; and, in the second place, in a religious community the medical treatment of patients is apt to be subordinated to their sanctification. He also is of opinion that the management of sisterhoods usually fails in economy and efficiency.

Mr. Thomas Spalding states, in the preface to his volume on Scripture Difficulties ¶, that he has for nearly sixty years devoted some part of every day to the study of the Bible, and that his views of the truth of its fundamental doctrines have not been materially altered. At the same time, on some minor points his opinions have been considerably modified, difficulties which long perplexed him having been removed by new principles of interpretation of which he was formerly ignorant; and he thinks he has obtained a connected view of the whole subject, which he now offers for the benefit of those who have experienced similar difficulties. Mr. Spalding's book does not appeal to the learned, but to the multitude, and it is written in a clear, straightforward style. There can be no doubt that there is a great deal of vagueness and confusion of mind on the part of many people in regard to the proper meaning of Scriptural language from the want of accurate knowledge of the text. Mr. Spalding's analysis of obscure and doubtful Biblical expressions may therefore be useful as a corrective of the loose and ignorant impressions of the meaning of many passages. As Archbishop Whately has remarked, some people are accustomed to consider what sense such and such words in the Bible can be brought to bear, or how they themselves should be naturally inclined to understand them; but what is wanted is to get at the sense in which the words were actually used. This is Mr. Spalding's object, and his work may be serviceable to those to whom it is addressed, especially missionaries and Sunday-school teachers.

A new and revised edition of Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad* ** has been produced under the editorship of Mr. E. Richmond Hodges, who has compared the translation with the original, and, in certain passages where another rendering seemed preferable to Mickle's, has supplied it in a footnote. He has also distinguished Mickle's longer interpolations by printing them in italics or by directing attention to them in the notes. Mickle's Life of Camoëns, dissertation on the *Lusiad*, and history of the discovery of India, are given in this edition, along with an introductory notice by the editor.

* *Bacon's Illustrated Guide to London and Suburbs.* Bacon & Co.

† *Handbook of the Midland Great Western Railway, and Guide to Connemara and the West of Ireland.* Edinburgh and Dublin: Cameron.

‡ *Collins' Series of Atlases. Atlas of England and Wales, containing Maps of all the Counties.* Collins & Co.

§ *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners: an Every-day Horse Book.* Illustrated. By M. Horace Hayes. Thacker & Co.

|| *On Hospital Organization: with special reference to the Organization of Hospitals for Children.* By Charles West, M.D.

¶ *Scripture Difficulties, explained by Scripture References; or, the Bible its own Interpreter.* By Thomas Spalding. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

** *The Lusiad; or, the Discovery of India.* Translated from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoëns. By W. J. Mickle. New Edition, Revised by E. Richmond Hodges. Bell & Sons.

The *Melbourne Review**, which has now reached its seventh number, well maintains its character in its earnest and thoughtful tone. It opens with an able article on Taxation in Victoria, showing that the customs duties, which yield 677,000*l.*, are raised by means of what is practically an Income-tax of nearly 4 per cent. on the poorer half of the ratepayers, and that property in Victoria pays less than half the proportion of taxation which it pays in the United Kingdom, and more than a third of what is considered equitable in the United States. There are also suggestive articles on "The historical aspects of the land question," "The suicidal stage of existence," "Spencer's book on Sociology," "The appointment of Judges," and "science gleanings." Nothing can be more satisfactory or more creditable to our fellow-countrymen in that region than the intellectual development and tastes thus displayed.

Messrs. Maclure and Co. have made a valuable and interesting contribution to geographical information on the War in the East, by a large map, giving a very picturesque and graphic view of the passages of the Danube and passes of the Balkans †, showing the approaches to Constantinople through Bulgaria and Servia. It is really the only map we have seen which brings out in a clear and impressive manner the actual conditions of the country in regard to military operations.

Mr. Charley has produced a third edition of his work on pleading and practice ‡, bringing it down to the date of the latest changes. He gives not merely marginal notes of decided cases, but an analysis of them; and also the new Rules of Court, Orders, and Notices.

A "Blue-Coat Boy" gives an account of eight years passed at Hertford and Christ's Hospital §, which is chiefly devoted to a record of boyish pranks and adventures, and gives very little information as to the Hospital as an educational institution. The writer does not state in what period he was at the School, but the mention of the Prince of Wales being at the last public supper of his school-days shows that it must have been recently. The impression produced by his narrative is that school-life at the Hospital was, apart from quaint traditional practices, much the same as at other schools, and there is no mention of any special ill-usage or oppression.

* *The Melbourne Review.* July, 1877. Melbourne: McKinley & Co. London: Gordon & Gotch.

† *The Passages of the Danube and Passes of the Balkans.* Maclure & Co.

‡ *The New System of Practice and Pleading under the Judicature Acts.* By W. T. Charley, D.C.L., M.P. Third Edition. Waterlow & Sons, Limited.

§ *Eight Years a Blue-Coat Boy; or, Dundalk's School-Days.* Dean & Son.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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SCHOLARSHIPS IN SCIENCE.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.—TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of the value of £100, open to Students who have not entered at any London Medical School, will be offered for competition on September 28. Subjects: Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Physics. One Scholar ship will be awarded to a Candidate (if of sufficient merit) under Twenty years of age; the other is limited to Candidates under Twenty-five years of age. An EXHIBITION of £30 in the same subjects, and one of £40 in the subjects of Preliminary Education, open to Students who have entered the Hospital in October, will be competed for in that month. For particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

SESSION 1877-78.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on Monday, October 1. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 P.M., by JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS (including the Department of Fine Arts) will begin on Tuesday, October 2. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 P.M., by Professor ALFRED GOODWIN, M.A.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of SCIENCE (including the Department of the Applied Sciences) will begin on Tuesday, October 2.

The SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, September 25.

Prospectuses and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Exhibitions, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws, and of Science), will be held at the College on the 27th and 28th of September.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-SEVENTH SESSION will begin on Monday, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS (£40 to £20 a year) to be competed for October 9. Ages under Fifteen and a half and Fourteen and a half. Candidates examined at Rossall or Oxford, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics. Terms with Nomination, Clergyman's Sons, 20 Guineas; Laymen's, 60 Guineas; without Nomination, 10 Guineas extra.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR CLASSES begin September 17.

The SENIOR CLASSES November 1.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, Names of Professors, &c., may be had on application to the LADY-RESIDENT.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (LONDON) SCHOOL.

Head-Master—H. WESTON EVE, M.A.

Vice-Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A.

The School will Re-open, for New Pupils, on Tuesday, September 25, at 9.30 A.M.

The School Session is divided into Three equal Terms. Fee, 25 s. per Term, to be paid at the beginning of each Term.

Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment or impositions. A Playground of about two acres in extent, including several Fives' Courts and a Gymnasium, is attached to the School.

The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

Season Tickets are granted at half-price to Pupils attending the School.

Prospectuses containing full information may be obtained at the Office of the College.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

DOVER COLLEGE.

President—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.

Additional Buildings, including a new House for the Head-Master, with separate Bed-rooms for Fifty Boys, have been recently erected. Tuition from 10 to 15 Guineas. Board £15 a year. The NEXT TERM begins on September 19.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or the HON. SECRETARY.

THE BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

Principal—The Rev. CHARLES BIGG, D.D., late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford.

Vice-Principal—The Rev. JOSEPH NEWTON, M.A.

The NEXT TERM commences on Tuesday, September 18.

BOWDON, CHESHIRE.

A SCHOOL for BOYS, especially with a view to their preparation for the Public Schools, will be opened on September 13, 1877.

It will be conducted by the Rev. H. A. D. SURRIDGE, M.A., of Hertford College, Oxford, formerly Macbride Scholar, and the Rev. A. LAW WATHERSTON, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Wangler).

The Boys will be made very comfortable, and at the same time a high character and style of work will be aimed at.

Payment, including all necessary expenses except Books, £105 a year.

Mr. SURRIDGE has had great experience and success in preparing Pupils for the Universities, the Army, the Indian, and the House of Commons.

Mr. WATHERSTON has been very successfully engaged in Tuition, especially with young Boys.

Bowdon is remarkable for its healthiness, and the beauty of its situation.

Arrangements as to travelling will be made, if desired, for Boys coming from London.

HARROW.—PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Head-Master—The Rev. C. H. TANDY, M.A.

BOYS are prepared for the various Public Schools, Entrance Scholarships, and other Examinations. For Prospectus apply to the Rev. C. H. TANDY, Harrow. The School will Re-open on Thursday, September 13, 1877.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST.—MORGAN JENKINS, M.A.

(Wangler), assisted by an able staff of Graduates in First-Class Honours, including an Oxford Classman (Balliol), and a 2nd in 1st Class of Nat. Sci. Tripos, prepares PUPILS for the above. Has named for Woolwich six out of the seven sent in 2nd in recent list, 14th Jan. 1877, 15th in July, 1876, 15th in January 1876.—50 Cornwell Road, Westbourne Park, W.

MR. C. H. LAKE'S SCHOOL, CATERHAM VALLEY.

RE-OPENS September 18. Reference kindly permitted to Col. E. G. Bulwer, R. Heath, Esq., M.P., and Rear-Admiral MAXWELL, whose Sons are in the School.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—MR. WREN,

M.A., Christ's Coll., Cambridge, prepares Resident and Daily PUPILS. About one-half of the Candidates successful during the last seven years were Mr. WREN'S Pupils. This success is due to the goodness of the teaching and the discipline and moral control kept up. The teaching of the Universities and the restraints of Public Schools are alike useless alone. (See Lord Salisbury's opinion, pp. 311, 12, 23, of the Blue Book, on the training of Candidates, and pp. 483, 4, 7; 515, 14, 22, of the Twentieth Report of the Civil Service Commissioners.) In the last Examination, Mr. WREN'S Pupils were first in nearly every subject. Prospectuses at Water's Library, 97 Westbourne Grove, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST (LINE), COOPER'S HILL,

and CIVIL SERVICE.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES, Wrang. Joh. Col. Cam., who has passed over 300, receives TWELVE PUPILS for the above. High Assistance.—Ealing, W.

WOOLWICH, THE LINE, COOPER'S HILL.—MR. W. F.

WALKER, M.A., C.E., Ex-Classical Scholar and Senior Mathematical Moderator, University of Dublin, prepares PUPILS for the above-named Competitions. During 1876-7 Twenty-one Pupils passed successfully; in July 1877, Woolwich (10th); Cooper's Hill (12th, 19th, 20th); with Five for the Line (9th, 24th, &c.); also, within the year, 2nd (University), 6th, 10th, &c. (Open Competition).—Highest places for Woolwich and Cooper's Hill.—Address, W. F. WALKER, M.A., 51 Lower Mount Street, Dublin.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. (Scholar) Oxon., assisted by a Cambridge Honourman and a competent staff of Teachers, prepares for the Universities and for all Competitive Examinations. Pupils successful at the last Nine Examinations of the Line.

ITALY.—EDUCATION.—The Rev. H. HUNTINGTON, B.A., British Chaplain, Leghorn, assisted by a resident French and German Tutor, prepares FOUR PUPILS for the Public Schools and Examinations. Boys who may not be strong enough for Public School life, or who need special attention, are thoroughly grounded in the Classics, while at the same time they acquire Three Modern Languages. Terms, £10 per Month.—Address, CHAPLAIN, Leghorn, or G. H., Tenby Rectory, South Wales.

ARMY and CIVIL SERVICE.—At the recent Examinations Mr. NORTHCOOT passed the 1st, 29th, 38th, for Cooper's Hill; 1 for Woolwich; 3rd, 10th, 70th, for Sandhurst.—Rochester House, Ealing, W.

WARBERRY HOUSE, BISHOPSDOWN PARK, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and UNIVERSITIES, under the Rev. T. H. R. STEEDING, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford. First and Second Class Classics, First Class in Law and Modern History. Fees from £20 to £20 Guineas.

EDUCATION (HIGH CLASS) for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN.—Terms, 100 Guineas a year. Miss SIBLEY receives FOURTEEN PUPILS. Autumn Term begins September 25.—Prospectus can be had on application to Miss SIBLEY, 99 Linden Gardens, Kensington, London, W.

KENSINGTON.—EDUCATION.—DAILY CLASSES for YOUNG LADIES: Senior, Junior, and Elementary. Pupils prepared for Oxford and Cambridge Examinations. For Prospectus apply to Miss TERRELL, 45 Longridge Road, Earl's Court, W.

THE READING SCHOOL.

HEAD-MASTER.

The Corporation of Reading invite applications for the HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the Reading School, which will become vacant at the end of the present year, on the retirement at that time of the present Head-Master.

The School (which was re-constituted under the powers of a special Act of Parliament and Scheme obtained in 1867, with a view of establishing in Reading a thoroughly efficient and useful School in succession to but with a more enlarged scope than its ancient Grammar School) is a first-grade School with a large modern element.

The principal Block of School Buildings was erected in the year 1870, under the superintendence of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, on a site in the suburbs of the town of Reading, and this Block comprises two Master's Residences, one at either end, a large Common Hall or School Room in the centre, and various Class Rooms and Apartments for School purposes and for the use of the Boys.

Each of these Master's Houses contains thirty separate Dormitories for Boarders, opening out of a Corridor which communicates directly with the first floor of the Master's House. In these two Houses there is accommodation altogether for about eighty Boarders.

In the year 1873 an additional Residence for the Head-Master, with fifty separate Dormitories for Boarders and other accommodation for more, was erected.

There are a School Chapel, a Gymnasium, &c., within the School Grounds.

The entire School Buildings and Grounds, which have been carefully and suitably laid out and planted, comprise an area of about 12 acres.

A Copy of the Act of Parliament and of the Scheme for the regulation of the School will be furnished to gentlemen wishing to apply for the office of Head-Master.

The Head-Master must be a Graduate of one of the Universities of Great Britain or Ireland.

There are two Endowments payable to the Head-Master, namely, a sum of £10 per annum granted by a Charter of Queen Elizabeth, and a share in the income of an estate given by Archbishop Laud, now amounting to about £45 per annum.

The Head-Master will have assigned to him, rent free, the whole of the principal Block of School Buildings, including the two Master's Houses and Dormitories therein, he paying the rates and taxes and keeping same in repair; but for this House he will be required to pay the same rent as is paid by the present Head-Master, viz., £100 per annum, as arranged at the time of its erection. The Head-Master will receive for himself all profits from the Boarders residing with him other than Capitation Fees.

The Head-Master will also have assigned to him the additional Master's Residence erected in 1873, he paying the rates and taxes and keeping same in repair; but for this House he will be required to pay the same rent as is paid by the present Head-Master, viz., £100 per annum, as arranged at the time of its erection. The Head-Master will receive for himself all profits from the Boarders residing with him other than Capitation Fees.

Under the School Scheme the Head-Master is entitled to two-fifths of all Capitation Fees received from Boys attending the School. The Trustees, however, have arranged with the present Head-Master that he should receive four-fifths of the Capitation Fee, and also any Fees which may be paid for teaching French, German, and Drawing, and himself pay and provide all Assistant-Masters required for conducting the School.

The Capitation Fees payable under the Scheme are: for Boys under fourteen years, a Fee not exceeding £10 per annum; for Boys of fourteen and under sixteen, a Fee not exceeding £15 per annum; and for Boys above sixteen years, a Fee not exceeding £20 per annum.

The numbers of Boys in the School at the end of the last term were 106 Day Boys and 135 Boarders.

There is a sum of about £1,000 now available for establishing Scholarships at the School.

All applications for the appointment of Head-Master, accompanied by such Testimonials as the Candidates may deem it expedient to submit to the Corporation, must be sent to Mr. HENRY DAY, Deputy Town Clerk, Town Hall, Reading, endorsed "Application for Head-Mastership of the Reading School," on or before Saturday, September 29 next.

Any further information desired by intending Candidates may be obtained on application to the Deputy Town Clerk, Reading.

HENRY DAY,

Town Hall, Reading, August 16/77.

Deputy Town Clerk, Reading.

AN OXFORD M.A., in Classical Honours, and of Nine years' experience, is at present open to an ENGAGEMENT, Scholastic or Literary.—Address, T. ARNOT, Post Office, Charing Cross, S.W.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.

Physician—Dr. EDWARD JANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. For Invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Baths on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

OVERLAND ROUTE and SUEZ CANAL.

Under Contract for the conveyance of the Mails to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, via the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Venice every Friday, and from Brindisi, with the Overland Mails, every Monday.

Offices, 125 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Liverpool and Eastern Railway and Harwich. An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 P.M., in connexion with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 P.M. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connexion with the Steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low throughout rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and

Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.

F. O. RICKARDS, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, on the Sea Shore, in its own

Picturesque Grounds of 5 acres. 250 Rooms, and all modern comforts. Charges fixed and moderate. Table d'hôte daily.—Tariff on application to the MANAGER, Ilfracombe, Devon.

MARGATE.—CARLTON HOTEL, facing the Sea.—The

Married, or Two Ladies, received as Boarders at 25 gs. per Week. Inclusive Terms.—Mr. R. KERN, Carlton Hotel, Margate.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

NOTICE.—MANUFACTURE of SPOONS and FORKS.—

Messrs. ELKINGTON & CO. beg to announce that, having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

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MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square; or to the Manufactory,

NEWELL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.